THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MAY, 1804.

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Embellished with, I. *Turning out a Bag-Fox, a spirited Etching, from a Drawing by Clifton Tomson of Nottingham.*

II. *An Etching of a Perch-fishing Party, on the Nine, near Peterborough.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY

W. M'Dowall, Pemberton Row, Gough Square.

AND SOLD BY J. WHEBLE, 18, WARWICK SQUARE; C. CHAPPLE, 66, PALL MALL; J. BOOTH, DUKE STREET PORTLAND PLACE; JOHN HILTON, NEWMARKET; AND BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Venatorius will perceive that we have printed his Thoughts on Hunting, *with their full chorus of classical quotation*, notwithstanding the lines of the original Greek might perhaps have been as clearly illustrated by the plain English version of Thomas Hobbes; and the reader of taste much better pleased with Pope's more harmonious method of transfusing the spirit of old Homer. However, though good it is to know those things, Αριϛον μετρον. *Verb. Sat.*

The Drinking Song, from the Epigram of M. Scarron, by Venator, has more pleasantry, and all the *point*, of the French original

Natura Investigator—who sent us an account of the tricks played by the Oran Outang belonging to Father Carbasson, wishing to know whether similar communications will be favourably received, he having many anecdotes of animals in his possession—is answered—"So have we." We could point out both the book and the page from whence that supposed original is *transcribed, verbatim et literatum*; and we could long since have furnished our readers with a copious illustration of the manners of various animals, did we not justly give a preference to the more original and diversified communications of several ingenious and able correspondents, who occasionally favour us with the fruits of their *creative* genius, and *actual* observations.

Philo Cursum, also, who seems to have as many names as the Spanish Don to whom the French innkeeper refused admittance, fearing he should not have room for so many persons, is informed, that his "Thoughts on the Utility of Racing," have been already repeatedly expressed in our former numbers.—The Song by A. C. B, he will, however, observe in the present number.

The correspondent who suggests the recommendation of our Magazine to the learned, by treating subjects in a "*profound classical manner*," is rather unfortunate in his own example of referring to one of Cicero's productions, and writing *Naturâ Dei*, instead of *De Natura Deorum*.

Lycophontes is entitled to our best thanks for his communication upon Wolves; particularly, as it appears to have been the result of *his own individual observation*. His description is animated, and bespeaks an *ingenium peracre*. Correspondence of this kind want no other requisites to make it agreeable.

J. J. B. Equinus, Athleticus, &c. &c. are received, and shall be attended to without delay.

An Old Correspondent's observations upon a sparrow blocked up in its nest, by retaliating swallows, is anticipated and realized in one of the amusing Rambles of our intelligent friend T. N. in the present number—See page 69.

Brimber Crack's first part of the Fox-chase in L——rshire; or, the Sporting Baboon—was inserted in our number for March last. The continuation is now received, and shall appear in our next.—The Sketch of Sir Puffinger Purblind also in our next.

Colonel Thornton, of Thornville-Royal, has favoured the public with "a Sporting Tour through the Northern Parts of England, and a great part of the Highlands of Scotland, in 4to, price L.1 : 15s. of which we are promised an impartial Review, by a Sporting Correspondent, of whose intention we shall thankfully avail ourselves in the two ensuing numbers of our Magazine.

We promised a monthly portion of Lord Camelford's Life; but as Mr. Best surrendered himself, and no bill was found by the Grand Jury of Middlesex, we dismiss the topic, the public appearing fully satisfied upon the subject.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Turning out a bag Fox!

from a design of Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MAY, 1804.

TURNING OUT A BAG-FOX.

A spirited Etching, from a Drawing by Clifton Tomson of Nottingham.

THIS plate is nowise connected with the sets of Engravings on Fox-hunting subjects already given in former Magazines. As a single production, it is much to be admired, particularly on account of the spirited delineation of the Horse.

SPORTING SUBJECTS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

As exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1804.

EVENING, with figures and cattle.—P. J. De Loutherbourg, R. A.

Portraits of dogs, the property of Miss Thrale.—H. B. Chalon.

A tiger disturbed at the moment he has seized on his prey.—G. Smith.

Portrait of a South Down ram, from the Duke of Bedford's flock at Woburn-abbey.—G. Garrard, A.

Portraits of two Pomeranian dogs.—E. Edwards, A.

Portraits of two hackneys.—J. N. Sartorius.

Portrait of Trim, a favourite terrier, who accompanied his master, an officer in the army, through the Egyptian campaign.—A. W. Devis.

The setter; painted for the Sportsman's Cabinet.—P. Reinagle, A.

The springer; painted for the Sportsman's Cabinet.—P. Reinagle, A.

Terriers; painted for the Sportsman's Cabinet.—P. Reinagle, A.

Study of a Pomeranian dog.—W. Artaud.

The Stag-hound; painted for the Sportsman's Cabinet.—P. Reinagle, A.

Cottage scenery, with cattle, at Ambleside.—J. Ibbetson.

 Wynandermere

Wynandermere lake, with cattle. —J. Ibbetson.

Pigs: Study from Nature.—W. Creke.

Tiger-hunting. — J. Northcote, R. A.

Portrait of a horse.—P. Reinagle, jun.

Woodland scene on the banks of a river, with cattle.—C. Town.

Portraits of two Herefordshire oxen which obtained prizes at Smithfield.—G. Garrard, A.

Portraits of the Durham ox, and Mr. Coates's short horned cow.—G. Garrard, A.

The favourite cat.—W. Ward.

The game at skittles, in the canton of Berne. ——Volmar.

Fox-hunting. ——D. Wolstenholme.

Portraits of a gentleman and his dogs.—J. Morse, Esq. H.

Portraits of Hannibal and Princess, the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—H. B. Chalon.

Inside view of an ale-house stable.—J. L. Agassé.

A landscape, with hounds in full chase.—G. Morland.

African animals: Hippopotamus, Koodoo; Quahkah, Gnoo; part of a work now publishing.—S. Daniel.

Portraits of a gentleman and his horse.—S. Williams.

The Sporting Season.—J. P. Neale.

Lion and kid: a study.—V. Gahagan.

A lion: a study.—V. Gahagan.

Our chief and only remark on the pictures here enumerated, will be confined to those of "African Animals," by Mr. Samuel Daniel. This young gentleman went out to the Cape of Good Hope, with Sir George Yonge, and remained there until the evacuation of the place by the British, at the peace.

During Mr. Daniel's stay, he explored much of the interior of Africa, nearest to the Cape, and has brought home some very valuable and rare specimens of natural history. We are not acquainted with the precise terms of Mr. Daniel's work now publishing, but have assurance that it is patronized not only by the first, but by the most sensible and judicious, of the nobility and gentry in the kingdom.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF HAREFOOT.

Whose Portrait was given in our last.

HAREFOOT, the property of J. Wardell, Esq. was got by Beningbrough, dam by Drone; Beningbrough was got by King Fergus, and Drone by Herod, forming an aggregate of the best blood in the kingdom.

Harefoot started at Newmarket in the first October Meeting of 1802, then three years old, and was beat, in a match, by Mr. Lockley's Hospitality (by Dragon,) for 1000 guineas. Second October Meeting, he paid 50 guineas forfeit to Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's bay colt Shock, by Waxy. The next day he was beat by Eleanor, Shock, and Northampton. In the Houghton Meeting, he beat Mr. F. Neale's filly by Driver, the Abingdon mile, 50 guineas. The next day, for a plate, he run the fourth of five. In April, 1803, his powers evidently began to strengthen, as he won the first class of the Oatlands Stakes, 50 guineas each, nine subscribers, beating Piscator, Galloper, Julia, Lignum Vitæ, Quick, and Pipylin, with the odds ten to one against him at starting. In the second Spring

Spring Meeting, he received 50 guineas forfeit from Pipylin, seven stone each. In the second October Meeting, he beat Mr. Forth's Brighton, from the Ditch, in a match for 100 guineas. In the first Spring Meeting of the present year, he beat Mr. Coventry's Lismahago over the Beacon Course, 500 guineas, half forfeit; continues well, and promises to make a better runner as he advances in age.

THE GORDONS AND THEIR PAMPHLET.

A PUBLICATION lately appeared, under the following title—"An Apology for the Conduct of the Gordons; containing the whole of their Correspondence, Conversation, &c. with Mrs. Lee. By Loudoun Harcourt Gordon, Esq."

The author, in his introduction, apologizes for obtruding himself again upon the public, by urging the necessity of making a defence which the sudden termination of the trial at Oxford totally prevented from being brought forward in Court; where he "should have been enabled to prove, that the appearance of force, which was made use of to conceal Mrs. Lee's wishes and intentions from her servants, was the consequence of a previous arrangement between Mrs. Lee and himself." He then adverts to his deficiency in literary composition, and regrets his being uninstructed in the art of making the "worse appear the better reason," and humbly submits to an enlightened and liberal public, an accurate statement of the whole of his own and his brother's conduct to Mrs. Lee, from the renewal of their acquaintance with her in December last.

Here he declares, "it is not his intention to attempt a vindication of his own or his brother's conduct, but merely to assert, that they have been the dupes of an artful and treacherous woman; who, in her turn, has been compelled to serve the interested and mercenary purposes of others." Proceeding with a delineation of Mrs. Lee's origin, her beauty, her fortune, and her marriage, he then obliges the public with the outlines of his own peregrinations. "At the age of fourteen, a cadet in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and obtained a commission in the Artillery when no more than sixteen years old. In 1797, went to Martinique; in 1798, compelled to return by ill health. In June following, returned to the West Indies, and remained there until July, 1803; when, having been superseded in the army, for having taken the benefit of an act for the further relief of insolvent debtors, he returned to England in October last."

He next speaks of the warm reception he received from Mrs. Lee, in December, which rekindled the latent flame—for so many years lulled to an apathy—and adds, "that his own inclination, united to the artful provocations made use of by Mrs. Lee to effect her wishes, soon deprived him of all power of resistance or reflection." After a recital of the different interviews with Mrs. Lee, during the month of December, and up to Sunday the 15th of January—when the elopement took place—as well as the introduction of letters, he proceeds to fix upon her the proposition of eloping, and living together in Wales.

In addition to these delusions, he remarks, that, in a conversation with Mrs. Lee, she said—"Loudoun, I have something very parti- cular

cular to communicate to you." Upon asking her what it was? she said, "that she thought it right to caution Loudoun in time against being enamoured of her; she therefore requested him, whenever he came to see her, to suppose that she was old and ugly; that she was unconscious of being either, and therefore it was the more likely that, as Loudoun was young, he might be ensnared by her attractions." He then observes, "that having long conceived an affection for Mrs. Lee," he replied, "that her caution no doubt was intentionally good, but happily he hoped for himself it was too late, as his happiness was already in her hands, he having from his childhood ever retained a peculiar *penchant* for Mrs. Lee; and that the affection which he conceived for and expressed to Mrs. Lee in his earlier days was unalterable. He then unequivocally asserts, that Mrs. Lee then acknowledged her affection for him was reciprocal, and that "she loved him," and, leaning over the table, at the same time taking hold of one of his hands, asked him—"What is it you propose to yourself? Do you wish to live with me in this house? If you did wish it, you could not, for my husband lives within two streets of me." He says, at this moment he arose from his chair, frequently saluted and embraced her, with which she appeared very much pleased, and it was evident they had a mutual affection for each other, which it was the wish of both to indulge. Mrs. Lee, he says, asked him "what the world would say if an union between them was to take place?" to which he replied, in the language of Pope—

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies;"

when Mrs. Lee instantly said, "So you really wish me to become your pretty little mistress?" to which he replied, "Human ties forbid you to be any thing else at present than the mistress of my soul."

How far so elaborate a defence may be believed, must entirely depend upon the influence it may have upon the different sensations of different individuals. If to justify one indiscretion, he has adverted to another, it may be advanced in favour of the traduced—"Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

On the contrary, should his accusation be founded in fact, that "he has become the dupe of an artful and treacherous woman," the impartial may acquiesce in the opinion and exclamation of Iachimo, in Cymbeline—"If you buy ladies flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting."

IMPARTIALIS.

COLOURS OF SPORTING GENTLEMEN'S JOCKEYS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD you think the following worth inserting, I hope it will find a place in your Magazine; as to contribute to such a publication will always be my most anxious wish.

The colours, as here described, are worn by the riders of noblemen and gentlemen, who, although upon the turf, and most of them members of the Jockey Club, are not inserted among the colours in the Racing

Racing Calendar. I have the honour to be, Sir, your's humbly,

L. D.

Lord Graves, Mr. Coxe, and Mr. Wilton—Orange; black cap.

Mr. Bullock—Rose coloured satin, trimmed with black velvet; black cap.

Mr. Clift—Black; cap, the same.

Mr. Corrie—Green; black cap.

Mr. Watson—White satin, trimmed with orange; black cap.

Mr. Howard—Pink.

Lord C. H. Somerset—Orange; black cap.

Mr. C. Day—Brown, red sleeves; black cap.

Mr. Biggs—Yellow; green cap.

Lord Craven—White; pink cap.

Mr. Scrope—Dark blue satin, trimmed with green; purple velvet cap.

Mr. Buckle—Purple and white striped satin; cap the same.

Mr. Talbutt and Mr. Weller—Brown, light blue spots; black cap.

Mr. T. O. Smythe—Black, and green sleeves; white cap.

Lord Milsingtown—Green; orange cap.

Mr. Broadhurst—Pink; cap the same.

Mr. Howorth, Major Rooke, and Mr. Pusey—Orange; black cap.

Mr. Blake—Grey; light blue cap.

The Earl of Oxford—Yellow; black cap.

Sir C. Turner—Purple and yellow spots.

Colonel Charlton, Mr. Goselen, Mr. Girdler, and Mr. Oldfield—Black.

The Marquis of Donegall—Scarlet satin, gold button holes; black cap.

Mr. Miles—Red; black cap.

Mr. P. Clerke, Mr. Byndloss, Mr. Abbey, Mr. Branthwayt, and Mr. Jolliffe—Yellow satin, black cap.

Mr. Macey—Straw and purple striped; cap the same.

Sir F. Evelyn—Yellow; red cap.

Mr. Adams—Purple and red, broad stripe.

Mr. Sutton—Pink and white, very narrow stripe, cotton; black cap.

Mr. Elton—Green, with orange sleeves; black cap.

Mr. Anneskey—Sky blue; black cap.

Mr. Herring—Yellow and black, quartered; cap the same.

Mr. Blagrave—Black, with white sleeves; black cap.

Mr. Mills—White satin, gold button-holes; black cap.

Mr. Smilt—White; black cap.

Hon. Mr. Dillon—Yellow satin, light blue sleeves; yellow and red striped cap.

Mr. C. Græme, and Mr. Welsh—Lilac; black cap.

Mr. Pigott—Pompadour.

Mr. H. L. Dillon—Light blue; black sleeves and cap.

Sir T. Wallace, and Mr. Asheton Smilt—Purple and orange stripe; black cap.

Mr. Fuller—Scarlet; cap same.

Mr. Bethel Coxe—Brown, red sleeves; blue cap.

Mr. W. P. Taylor—Mazarine blue; black cap.

Mr. Jones, Mr. Scott, and Mr. Hill—Purple and white striped satin; black cap.

Major Snell—Light blue, pink sleeves; yellow cap.

Capt. Fletcher—Scarlet; black sleeves and cap.

Mr. Perren—Black and white, cross striped.

Mr. Golding—Red; green and white striped cap.

Mr.

Mr. Bandon — White, brown sleeves; white cap.

Mr. G. Seville—Pink; white cap.

Mr. Cholmondeley—Light blue; black cap

Sir H. Williamson—Pink and white.

PLAGIARISM DETECTED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HOLDING it good, that neither you nor your readers should be deceived by misrepresentation, I beg permission, through the medium of your invariable impartiality, "to place the saddle upon the right horse," in respect to the "Hunting Song," sent you for your last Magazine, by "Venatorius," and said to be "composed by a friend of his," as something new, and not before in print.

Whether your correspondent is a very young and inexperienced sportsman, or his friend is so much affected by the furor of the *cacoëthes scribendi*, as to mistake fiction for fact, I know not; but I will pledge you my honour, that I have not only heard the song sung, forty years since, by Mr. Vernon, Miss Poitier, Mrs. Woodman, and others, in various Theatres—and at places of public entertainment in different parts of England—but at many *bon vivant* meetings of sportsmen, after the chase.

Considering crossing and jostling to be as unfair in literature, as it is upon the turf, I beg to be considered invariably yours,

VERITAS.

May 15*th*, 1804.

THE LAMA.

THERE has lately been imported from St. Domingo, by Madame Bonaparte, two animals of the Lama species—a species of animal indigenous in America, and resembling the camel. One of these animals is a male, and the other a female. They are now at Malmaison, where the female brought forth a young lama, which died a few days after.

There is a regular report in the Moniteur, dated Malmaison, 4th Floreal, and signed "B. Mirbelle," which states the anxious cares both of Madame Bonaparte, and Cuvier, the celebrated anatomist, that the female may be more successful in her future *accouchemens*, and that the lama tribe may be propagated in Europe.

The description is perhaps not sufficiently delicate for English readers; but after describing the excellent qualities of the lama, the report concludes thus—"Science owes to the enlightened protection of Madame Bonaparte the better knowledge of this interesting race of animals. Society will, doubtless, owe to her the naturalization of it in these climates."

RACES TO COME.

ASCOT Heath	June	5
Bibury		12
Newton		13
Glamorganshire		20
Bridgnorth		21
Ipswich	July	3
Newmarket July Meeting		9
Knutsford		31
Huntingdon	Aug.	7
Reading		28
Egham	Sept.	4
Lincoln		12
Kingscote		18

A RAMBLE

A RAMBLE
FROM
TAUNTON DEAN TO MINEHEAD.

Taunton in confusion—The Martin's Nest—Reception at Minehead—The Fishery—Lundy Isle—Set down at Ilfracomb.

"Who wanders much has little time for ill;
Sloth breeds disease that med'cine cannot kill."

TAUNTON IN CONFUSION.

I WAS disturbed this morning by a trumpet belonging to Lord Poulett's dragoons. The soldiers entered the town, and received their billets to quarter. Twenty-eight of them, with their horses, entered the inn where I was stationed, and after them several officers belonging to the troop. It being market-day, the new-comers threw the place into disorder, and the landlords into great tribulation. Finding my room more acceptable than my company, I took a hasty dinner, paid my bill, and left Taunton for scenes more congenial with my pursuits in life; for I had learned of the poet Shenstone

———to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales, and fountains bright,
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

About four o'clock, I passed Pen-Elms, and took the rural way to Minehead.

THE MARTIN'S NEST.

I HAVE sometimes been reproved for maintaining, that man has not all the power of reasoning to himself. I always asserted what I thought, and at this moment became acquainted with an occurrence to give strength to my opinion.

An old farmer was sitting before the door of his habitation, surrounded by a number of little boys. To these he was moralizing on the tyranny of a cock-sparrow that lay dead on five eggs, in a martin's nest, which this village Nestor held in his hand. I stopped to inquire into the singularity of the thing, and was thus informed by the white-headed rustic—"When the martins came over in the spring, Sir," said he, "according to their custom, they built here, under the roof of my old house; and, as I constantly sit under this vine every day after my breakfast, I beheld, a few days past, a number of these summer visitors come, angrily, as it were, making an unusual noise, and settle in one place, like bees about the entrance to their hive, and, after remaining a few minutes, fly off again, seemingly with notes of exultation. All yesterday and this morning, I heard strange sounds coming from one of the martin's nests: they seemed the sounds of tribulation. To know the true cause, I made one of these lads place a ladder against the wall, and ascend. He told me the entrance to the nest was quite closed up with fresh mud. From the strangeness of the account, I desired the boy, with the point of his knife, carefully to take down the nest, when, to my great surprise, I found this cock-sparrow dead upon five eggs; and as you came towards us, I was acquainting my young auditors of the cause, and moralizing on the event altogether. Two martins had taken the pains to finish their nest, and just as the modest hen-bird was about to lay her eggs in security, a tyrant cock-sparrow, too indolent to raise a house for his own convenience, drove away the industrious builders, and took possession of their mansion for himself, to which he immediately introduced his favourite hen, where, in spite of the martins' endeavour

endeavour to the contrary, she had deposited five eggs, and while she was gone abroad for refreshment, the tyrant was keeping them warm, and patiently waiting her return. The poor injured martins—for even birds are enemies to injustice—told their forlorn situation to their friends, who, resenting the act of cruelty and inhospitality, took this opportunity to assail the oppressor, on the nest, and in a moment the most likely to effect punishment, plastered up the portal of the house raised by their insulted companions, so that the bird within could not come forth. The noise I have so long heard, was the lamentation of the criminal under slow execution. This, Sir, is what I have been telling my little friends, and advising them, if they would live happy, and escape punishment, never, like the sparrow, to be guilty of cruelty and injustice."

I warmly commended his morality, and moved on towards Minehead. In my way, I could not help reflecting on the vanity of my own species. "Do not, these birds," said I, "reason as well? Here is an act of injustice committed by one more powerful than the party offended; the fact is communicated to friendship, resented, and the means of punishment determined on; an opportunity watched to put the means in execution, and those means perfectly carried into effect. What can man do more?"

RECEPTION AT MINEHEAD.

I HAD sauntered through the hamlet, indulging my reflections in this way, when the sun went down; and I now entered on a long and wide extended heath, at a moment when I should have been at my journey's end. There was a vast hill before me, and I beheld the thick black clouds congregating above its awful top, faintly tinged with the last gleams of twilight. It was totally dark when I reached the summit, and I had lost my way but for the distant glimmerings of a candle through a casement at the entrance of the town. These, and the village dogs answering each other, gave me courage, and I descended with rapidity to where I heard the fall of waters, tripped up a little bridge, and soon entered the town of Minehead. The traveller was now at home, and the gloomy apprehensions that haunted him an hour before were totally dissipated.

How discordant are our sentiments respecting happiness! The fop is only gratified in the high circles of noisy fashion; the courtier at the footstool of royalty, where he bows, fawns, flatters, and deceives, to obtain the objects of his pursuit; the sportsman, infinitely more rational, seeks it in the charms of the chase, and the pleasures of the field; the ambitious man, to obtain it, depopulates an empire, and his vestments are dyed in the blood of thousands; while I find happiness in the quiet simplicity of rural life.

I halted at a small inn that opened before me. It was fortunately the same that had been recommended to me by my last landlord at Taunton. The goodman of the house knew Davis's hand-writing, and I was presently as well received in the family as if I had been acquainted with it for half a century.

I must in this place remark, for the benefit of pedestrian wanderers like myself, a custom I have always practised with success. When I am about to quit my inn, I call for a bill, on a half sheet of paper, and a parting glass with my landlord. When he has written his receipt, I request him to recommend me to one at the next town, where I may be as well accommodated

as

as I have been with himself. This he does immediately under his receipt; so that when I arrive at my new abode, I present my recommendation, and inquire of the master if he knows the party from whose house I came. This conduct answers an excellent purpose. The landlord at one view perceives your mode of living, your bill paid, and that you and your last landlord parted satisfied with each other. However trifling this may appear, it will serve better than a distant strangeness, and will nine times in ten secure you confidence, civility, and the best accommodation. I was soon introduced to company, in a large old-fashioned room; for I had told the landlord I did not like to be alone. The evening showers had made the air damp, and I was requested to sit near a wood fire, in itself perfectly grateful. The mistress of the mansion spread a cloth like a snow-drop, and instantly covered it with a wheaten loaf, some Welsh cheese, and a plate of radishes. From these, and a mug of right good home-brewed, I made my supper with an appetite unknown to the children of luxury and sensuality.

Now cup follow'd cup, as we puff'd the white fume,
'Twas not easy for friendship to part;
For while the brisk columns curl'd round the wide room,
Mirth bound in soft fetters the heart.
From the cup temp'rance deals, excess never flows,
(Seldom mingled, vile drunkard, for thee)
The fly bred on carrion may rifle the rose,
But its sweets were design'd for the bee.

The company consisted of several master fishermen of the neighbourhood, the curate and his clerk, a schoolmaster, two or three millers, and a most loquacious barber, whose employment seemed to be only to detail all the floating scandal of the town and its environs; nor was he to be restrained, though frequently called to order by the modest curate, to whom the clerk was loudly remonstrating upon the impolicy of the parish in not giving a new set of bell ropes to the church. The millers were lamenting the low price of corn at Warminster market; while the fishermen spoke of the improvements made in their new spring machines, to convey the produce of their labours to Bath, Bristol, and Warminster; Taunton, Tiverton, and Exeter. I could only listen to these men with pleasure; I found an interest in their conversation; for they informed me of many things of which I had not before the smallest conception: also, that the mackarel had this season paid them a visit in greater shoals than usual; and that it would be high water the next morning at five o'clock, when they should all be busily employed in the bay below. I promised to be with them at starting, completed my third pint, and retired to my pillow.

THE FISHERY.

I was up with the sun, and walked with the fishermen to the shore; the waters were perfectly smooth, and the shoals leaping for the passing fly, exhibiting in their curvatures, to the face of the sun, all the colours reflected by the Newtonic prism. The labourers divided themselves into two parties, and, in their boats, soon reached the extremities of the land, to begin their employ, where, casting their nets overboard, they quickly met again in the centre, between the two horns of the bay. The nets being loaded with lead, presently sunk to the ground, and, being made fast in the middle, formed

ed a perfect barrier, so that nothing within could possibly escape without permission. The fishermen having thus completed their tackle, returned to the shore, waiting the water's receding to the channel. About seven o'clock, one of the party beckoned me again to the scene of action. The fish had entered the bay in great abundance, and were at this moment—for the water had now left them—lying in heaps upon the silver sands; the market machines were arranged in order to receive them, and to fly away to their various destinations. Among the great variety, I perceived the silver-bellied eel, the john-doree, gurnet, and the ray; but, above all, the fading colours of the expiring mackarel, afforded me more scope for admiration than I had experienced on any former occasion. In some places, I beheld immense heaps of the transparent polypus, that undefined production of wonder-working Nature; beside smaller finny creatures without a possibility to count their numbers.

The scene now became truly busy; as one man placed the green flags to receive them, a second carefully bestowed the prime fish; and their prickle baskets being all filled, and safely stowed in the machines, upon a whistle given, they vanished from the sight, and the country people, who had been waiting for their turn, began to garble what best suited their fancy. This was a scene fashioned for laughter. Women of all ages, with their petticoats tucked up, bare-footed boys and girls, old men and young, after selecting what they thought proper, were jocosely bearing away the bounties of a protecting Providence; and, after all was over, abundance was left for the next tide to wash away to the ocean. By ten o'clock, all was over, and the bay as clear from shore to shore, and as quiet as a mill-pond at midnight.

LUNDY ISLE.

My landlord was master of a small smack, and was bound, with a freight of cyder, to Lundy Isle, the black top of which just appeared to my view as I sat at his window. He cheerfully invited me to go the trip with him, and I as gladly accepted the invitation; and, after taking refreshment, we set off for the great rock in the Bristol Channel. A strong breeze sprung up at the south-east, which comfortably allayed the heat, and drove us presently to anchor off the beech of Lundy, where several persons were waiting our arrival, and conducted us up the rocks to the castle.

The island of Lundy, situated in the Bristol Channel, is from north to south about three miles long, but nowhere more than a mile in breadth. It is very lofty, some of the cliffs measuring 800 feet from the level of the sea. The rock, chiefly a moor-stone, is covered with a soil, probably formed from the continual rotting of vegetables. At the south end, this stratum is of a tolerable thickness,; but towards the north, the rock is hardly covered, and what appears is a black, boggy, effete earth, mixed with granules of moor-stone. There are many little bays round the island, but not all of them protected from the winds; nor is there any safe landing-place but one, which is on the east side of the south end, where there is a good beech, leading to a path, made by art, up the rock, to the great house or castle. This bay is protected by the island from the south and west winds, and by Rat Island from the east, but open to the north-east.

It is believed this island contains about 2000 acres, 500 of which, towards the south end, are tolerable good

good land, the rest rocky and barren. The best part, till very lately, not having been in a state of cultivation, was over-run with farn and furze, and the north end had little to cover it but moss and liverwort.

There is an immense quantity of rabbits all over the island. In the summer season, there is a great resort to it of those species of birds which frequent the Isle of Wight and Flamborough Head; in the winter, of starlings and woodcocks, when the gentlemen of the surrounding counties esteem this a most delicious resort for sportsmen. Rats are so numerous here as to be very troublesome; they are all of the black sort, and I am assured, by those who have made the experiment, that their skins make most excellent leather for women's shoes, and that a speculation of this kind would amply pay the adventurer.

Though the rocks are high, they are by no means destitute of water. In the south division are St. Helen's, St. John's, and Parson's wells: from the two first flow rivulets, discharging themselves in beautiful forms down the vallies, on the east side of the island. In the middle division is a spring called Golden Well, a water of the purest nature, and two rivulets towards the north end of this division, one discharging on the east side, the other on the west, down Punch-bowl Valley. The north division of the island has no springs, but is very dry and barren.

The ancient buildings on this island are, the castle, near the south-east point; the chapel, dedicated to St. Helen, which was very small, and now ruined to the foundations; and a watch-tower near the landing-place, and another at the north end. There are two walls of stone, running across the island, one called South Wall, dividing the south from the middle island, the other called Half-way Wall, dividing the north from the middle island.

Many ruins of inclosures are to be seen, which proves a great part of the island to have been once cultivated.

From the high lands of Lundy, the visitor has a beautiful view on the shore near Bagpoint, one of the extremities that forms the bay of Barnstaple; and, on the other hand, of Swansea, and the Welsh coast. This rock was but little thought of, till Sir John Borlase Warren sold it for three hundred pounds to Mr. Cleveland, who, through great skill and industry, has made it exceedingly productive, and caused it to be well inhabited.

There is an act of cruelty practised here, I think, peculiar to the men of Lundy, which I must notice with some observations to their discredit. In the spring, as at the needles, great flocks of web-footed fowl arrive annually, when the inhabitants, in the night, take the verge of the cliffs, and, with their nets, secure their new visitors, principally for their feathers, which they sell for from fifteen to eighteen pence a pound. It is at the taking of these poor unsuspecting creatures the cruelty begins. They are seized on alive by the fowler, who, as he takes them from his net, strips off their downy covering, leaving them alive, trembling in misery, till the more merciful fisherman follows and quarters them for his lobster traps. The wild rabbit is also abundant, which they encourage chiefly for their skins, and with the bodies feed and fatten their swine.

Great praise is due to Mr. Cleveland for his improvements in Lundy; and it is highly to be wished, that gentlemen possessing such property, would turn their attention

attention to this kind of cultivation, always reserving a plot for the cottager, his goose, and his cow: then the immense acres of waste land, dispersed throughout England would quickly yield, like Lundy, a harvest worth the looking on, and many a dreary scene become a paradise.

The shades of night were spreading apace. We quitted the beach at Lundy, and, after a pleasant sail, landed at Ilfracomb, where I shall remain for a few days, and from whence it is probable you may hear again, from Your's, &c. T. N.

A PRINCELY SPORTSMAN,

OR,

ANECDOTES OF VALENTINE MORRIS.

"DURING my successive tours," says Mr. Coxe, "I paid repeated visits to Piercefield, which, since the improvements of Valentine Morris, has become the ornament of the county.

"Piercefield was long the property of the family of Walters: a curious stone chimney-piece, still preserved in the servants' hall, with the date of 1553, is ornamented with a shield of arms, of which the first quartering, a squirrel sejant, is the bearing of the family. In 1727, John Walters sold the place to Thomas Rous, Esq. of Wooton Underedge, Gloucestershire; from whose son it was purchased, in 1736, by Colonel Valentine Morris, who served for some time in a military line in the island of St. Vincent's. He came to Piercefield in 1739, made additions to the old mansion, which was little better than a farm-house, and resided there till his death.

"His son, Valentine Morris, was born in 1727, and, at an early period, inherited considerable property, principally situated in the island of Antigua. About 1752, he espoused Miss Mary Mordaunt, niece of Lord Peterborough, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, but without fortune, and fixed his residence at Piercefield.

"Before this period, Piercefield was unknown and unfrequented; the charms of the situation were not duly appreciated, and the grounds solely employed for the purposes of agriculture, or covered with inaccessible forests. Morris was enraptured with the romantic beauties of the scenery, carried walks through the forests, opened the finest points of view, and, with exquisite taste, adapted his improvements to the genius of the place, leaving

"The negligence of nature, wide and wild*."

"He lived in a style of princely rather than private magnificence, and treated those whom curiosity drew to the scenes of Piercefield, with a liberal but ostentatious profusion: servants out of livery constantly attended, without being permitted to receive any gratuity; collations were indiscriminately offered to the numerous visitors; and even his hot-house, cellar, and larder, were open to the innkeeper of Chepstow, for the accommodation of travellers.

"After a residence of several years, his circumstances became involved, and he was compelled to offer Piercefield for sale. This embarrassment is generally imputed to the expenses of a contested election, in 1771, for the county of

* Thomson.

Monmouth,

Monmouth, with John Morgan, Esq. of Tredegar; but the real causes were derived from a variety of circumstances; an expensive style of living, numerous benefactions, imprudent management of his West India estates, a succession of unfavourable seasons in the island of Antigua, inattention to his accounts, but, above all, an unfortunate propensity to gaming. Being disappointed in finding a purchaser for Piercefield, he contracted his expenses into a narrower scale; but it was too late, and his embarrassments increasing, he was compelled to retire to his West India possessions.

"Before his final departure from England, he indulged himself with bidding adieu to Piercefield. In company with a friend, he surveyed his own creation, for the last time, with apparent composure and manly resignation. On his return to Chepstow, he was surrounded by the poor, who, throwing themselves on their knees, thanked him for numerous instances of his bounty, and implored the blessing of Heaven on their generous benefactor. Even this affecting spectacle he bore with silent fortitude, and entered the chaise which conveyed him to London. But he had no sooner reached the Gloucestershire side of the bridge, than his ear was struck with a mournful peal of bells, muffled, as is usual on the loss of departed friends: deeply affected with this mark of esteem and regret, he could no longer controul his emotions, and burst into tears *.

"On his return to the West Indies, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of St. Vincent's, and distinguished himself with so much zeal and activity in promoting the cultivation of the island, where he almost raised another Piercefield, that he was soon after nominated governor in chief. In this situation, he considerably improved his fortune, and had almost repaired his losses, when the island, for the defence of which he advanced considerable sums, was taken by the French. In vain he applied to government for the payment of his expences and arrears; the want of proper vouchers, disagreement with the natives and officers, the blame incurred from a precipitate capitulation, and a variety of other unfortunate events, protracted the discharge of the debt.

"Thus circumstanced, he returned to England, for the purpose of seeking redress, but with small hopes of success; for he observed to a friend, that he should pass the winter in the King's Bench prison. This prediction was too well fulfilled: he was arrested soon after his arrival, and underwent a confinement of seven years.

"During his imprisonment, he published a justification of his administration at St. Vincent's, which does him honour as a governor, a soldier, and a patriot; yet, from deaths, and frequent change of ministry, his accounts were never audited or settled, though his demands were great and just; for a treasury warrant for L.5000, dated June 28, 1794, was issued to his representatives, as part of the balance.

"He was reduced to the greatest distress; his books, and all his moveables, were exposed to sale; even the gleanings of Mrs. Morris's toilet were sold to purchase bread; and his friend Mr. Thicknesse, who shared his confinement, shared with him the scanty pittance which he possessed, to supply his necessities. His calamities were aggravated by

* "For this interesting anecdote, I am indebted to Mr. Jennings."

the

the situation of his amiable wife, who sunk under this load of distress, and became insane.

"At length, in 1786, he obtained his liberty, and Lord North, compassionating his distress, expressed an inclination to redeem the injustice of former administrations, and to liquidate his arrears. But public business, and new delays, interposing, protracted the settlement of his affairs. In the midst of these disappointments, he died, at the house of his brother-in-law, Mr. Wilmot, in Bloomsbury Square, on the 26th of August, 1789.

"During his residence at Piercefield, Valentine Morris distinguished himself by many acts of public utility, and his name is still endeared to the county for promoting the turnpike bill, the success of which was principally owing to his exertions.

"The inhabitants of Chepstow idolize his memory, and relate numerous instances of his benevolence with a warmth of affection which borders on enthusiasm; among others, one which does honour to his feelings, should not be omitted.

"Holding one day a conversation with Mr. Knowles, whom he employed in building the alcove, and from whom I received the anecdote, he made inquiries concerning the family of Walters, and asked if any of them were yet living.

"Knowles replied, that William, the brother of John, who sold the estate, was still alive, and in great distress. 'Bring him to Piercefield,' said Morris, 'and I will make him welcome.'—'If you would give him your whole estate, he could not walk, he is so much afflicted with the gout in his feet, and earns a precarious livelihood by fishing.'—'If he cannot, then, come to me, I will take the first opportunity of calling on him.'

"Being some time afterwards engaged with Knowles in forming an opening in the wood, he saw two men in a boat: 'Stay here,' he said to Knowles, 'I will cross the river in that boat, and examine whether the objects I want to shew can be seen from hence.' Descending hastily, he hailed the watermen, leaped into the boat, was ferried over, and on his return entered into conversation with the men, and inquired their names and condition. 'My name,' said one of them, 'is * * * * *, I am a native of Chepstow; and that man,' pointing to his companion, 'is William Walters.'—'What! Walters of Piercefield?' exclaimed Morris. 'Yes, please your Honour, I am the brother of John, who sold the estate you now enjoy.' Morris made no reply; but, giving a gratuity to each of the men, leaped on shore, rapidly ascended the hill, and, rejoining Knowles, cried, 'I have been talking with Walters;' taking out several guineas, he added, 'Carry these to him, and tell him that he shall never want while it is in my power to assist him.' Knowles suggested, that as the man was much addicted to liquor, he would render him more service by a weekly allowance. The next market day, one of Morris's servants carried to Walters a joint of meat, and a small sum of money, which were continued weekly until his death. Morris defrayed the expenses of his funeral, and his carriage conveyed the corpse to St. Arvan's, where it was interred in the family vault.

"In 1784, Piercefield was bought by Gorge Smith, Esq. of Burnhall, in the county of Durham, and in 1794, by the present proprietor Colonel Wood, formerly chief engineer

gineer of Bengal, and member of parliament for Newark. Colonel Wood has increased the property by different purchases in the vicinity, particularly part of the peninsula of Lancaut; the whole consisting of not less than three thousand acres, of which a considerable portion is woodland. The timber alone on the estate of Piercefield was estimated at L.8000. He has likewise considerably improved the place, and restored many of the walks, which were choked with underwood, to their former beauty under Valentine Morris."

FAMILY PREROGATIVE IN WALES.

"MR. LORIMER," says a late traveller, "pointed out to me a window, remarkable for a curious anecdote, relating to the contest for precedence, between the rival houses of Perthir and Werndee, which, though less bloody, was not less obstinate, than that between the houses of York and Lancaster.

"Mr. Proger, dining with a friend at Monmouth, proposed riding to Werndee in the evening; but his friend objecting, because it was late, and likely to rain, Mr. Proger replied—'With regard to the lateness of the hour, we shall have moonlight; and should it happen to rain, Perthir is not far from the road, and my cousin Powel will, I am very sure, give us a night's lodging.' They accordingly mounted their horses, but being soon overtaken by a violent shower, rode to Perthir, and found all the family retired to rest. Mr. Proger, however, calling to his cousin, Mr. Powell opened the window, and, looking out, asked—'In the name of wonder, what means all this noise? Who is there?'—'It is only I, your cousin Proger of Werndee, who am come to your hospitable door for shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and hope you will be so kind as to give me and my friend a lodging.'—'What! is it you, cousin Proger? you and your friend shall be instantly admitted, but upon one condition, that you will allow, and never hereafter dispute, that I am the head of the family.'—'What did you say?' returned Mr. Proger. 'Why I say, if you expect to pass the night in my house, you must allow that I am the head of the family.'—'No, Sir, I never would admit that; were it to rain swords and daggers, I would ride this night to Werndee, rather than lower the consequence of my family. Come up, Bald, come up.'—'Stop a moment, cousin Proger; have you not often confessed, that the first Earl of Pembroke, of the name of Herbert, was the youngest son of Perthir, and will you set yourself above the Earls of Pembroke?'—'True, I must give place to the Earl of Pembroke, because he is a peer of the realm; but still, though a peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Werndee, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthir; whereas I am descended from the eldest son. Indeed my cousin Jones of Lanarth, is of an older branch than you, and yet he never disputes that I am the head of the family.'—'Why, cousin Proger, I have nothing more to say, so good night to you.'

"Stop a moment, Mr. Powell,' said the stranger, 'you see how it pours, do admit me at least; I will not dispute with you about our families.'—'Pray, Sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?'

from?'—'My name is * * *, and I come from the county of * * *.' —'A Saxon of course; it would be very curious indeed, Sir, should I dispute with a Saxon about families; no, Sir, you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend; and so a pleasant ride to you both."

PECULIAR CUSTOMS

IN

Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Yorkshire.

Extracted from a Topographical Description of Cumberland, Westmoreland, Lancashire, and Part of Yorkshire, by J. Housman.

COURTSHIPS.

IN the courtships of the country people, there is something singular, which, although certainly imprudent, is not attended with those criminal effects which, it might be apprehended, would be the natural consequence. Connections are often formed early in life, which the numerous dancing parties, not only at fairs, but at most of the village alehouses, several times a year, and the indiscreet connivance of parents, afford easy opportunities of doing. At these places of rural amusement, it is usual for almost every lad to select his lass.

The acquaintance—I speak of the sons, daughters, and servants of farmers, mechanics, and country tradesmen—generally commences at these public meetings; and the youth afterwards visits his sweetheart at her own home. These visits are most commonly made on the Saturday evenings, that the next day's work may not be incommoded. After the family are gone to bed, the fire darkened, and the candle extinguished, he cautiously enters the house. In this murky situation they remain for a few hours, adjusting their love concerns, and conversing on the common topics of the day, till the increasing cold of a winter's night, or the light of a summer's morning, announces the time of separation. With these proceedings the parents, or masters of the lovers, are well enough acquainted, but generally connive at them: they have no notion of denying those under their care that indulgence which they themselves and their ancestors have practised with impunity before them.

This dark method of courtship is economical: here is no loss of time, at least for work; nor of those expensive articles, fire and candle. This is, however, its only advantage; and the inconveniences, or rather misfortunes, attending it are weighty, and of the most serious nature.

I do not mean to say, that illicit amours are always, nor even generally, the consequence of Cumbrian courtship *, but that it happens not unfrequently; and, I believe, the number of illegitimate children is more to be attributed to that than to any other cause.

When a marriage is nearly concluded on, and it is understood that the girl's parents have no objection to the match, the young man ventures to shew himself, and continues in conversation with the family till they retire to bed. This is the manner in which Cumberland courtship is usually conducted;

* This mode of courtship is not peculiar to Cumberland, but very commonly practised in North Wales.

but

but there are certainly many instances wherein more prudent and rational modes are adopted.

MARRIAGES.

A FEW procure licences to be married, but the greatest part have banns published in the church, by which a considerable saving is made. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, and often their neighbours, are invited to the wedding. If the church is at a distance, the weddingers mostly ride; and the bridegroom and his party approaches the bride's house in a full gallop, which opens the amusements of the day Having alighted, the bridegroom salutes the bride, and the whole company breakfast together; after which the party mount their horses, and women and men gallop over hill and dale to the church, eagerly contending who shall arrive there first. The ale-house near the kirk, which is never wanting, for

"Where'er the Lord erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there,"

receives the joyful guests, who cheer their spirits with a hearty glass before the performance of the ceremony. After tying the indissoluble knot, the party again adjourn to the inn, inviting the parson to partake of their cheer. An hour at least is spent in swallowing punch without intermission; and the company, now almost mad with liquor, again mount their nags, and furiously scamper away, headlong, towards the bride's house, fancying every difficulty vanishes before them; while all the villagers—who for some time have been upon the watch—are standing on the neighbouring hills to see the race. It is accounted a fortunate circumstance if they all arrive safe at the bride's house; but it too often happens, that some of the party get a tumble, and that a desperate female alights upon her head and shoulders.

BIDDEN-WEDDING.

THE Bidden-Wedding, as it is provincially called, was very common a few years ago, and is not yet quite obsolete. In that case, the bridegroom and a few of his friends ride about the village, for several miles round, bidding, or inviting, their neighbours to come to the wedding on the day appointed. The wedding is likewise advertised in the county newspaper, with a general invitation, and enumerating the various rural sports to be exhibited upon the occasion, such as horse-races, foot-races, leaping, wrestling, &c. for suitable prizes. This generally brings together a great concourse of people, who, after enjoying the sports of the day, make a contribution to the new-married couple. This sometimes amounts to a considerable sum, and is found very useful to the wedded pair, in setting them forward in the world.

CHRISTENINGS

ARE often attended with great companies, music, dancing, and expensive feasting; but not so much so at present as formerly. It is customary at these times for the sponsors to make small presents to the midwife; or, if a doctor has been employed, to the mother of the child.

VISITING THE SICK

Is a Christian virtue which the people of Cumberland possess in a high degree. Also, when a person dies, the neighbours are called in during the expiring moments, and continue to assist the family in laying out the corpse, which is

 placed

placed upon a bed, hung round and covered with the best linen the house affords. Between the death and interment, which is from two to three days, the neighbours watch by the corpse alternately—the old people during the day, and till bed-time; and the young people afterwards till morning. Bread, cheese, and ale, with pipes and tobacco, are provided for those who attend the corpse. The friends of the deceased, as well as the neighbours for several miles round, are generally invited to the funeral, who are served with bread and cheese, ale, drams, pipes and tobacco. After the burial, a select party of friends and neighbours are again invited to supper.

FEASTING & RURAL AMUSEMENTS

TAKE place at several seasons of the year; but the principal are at Christmas, when the greatest hospitality prevails among the villagers; every family is provided with goose pies, minced pies, and ale. Where flocks of sheep are kept, there is also an ancient custom of killing the fattest among them before Christmas. Of this sheep they make the first meal for breakfast on Christmas-day, which consists of minced meat, made rich with fruit, and boiled in the ventricle of the animal.

CHRISTMAS

Is ushered in, and continues with feasting and dancing till after the Twelfth-day: formerly no work was done, even by the servants, during the greatest part of that time; but at present only Christmas-day and New-year's-day are entirely kept holiday. Although the original occasion of indulging the appetite, and gratifying the senses with rural sports and Fastings-even, or Shrove-tide, is now almost forgotten; yet the custom still continues to be observed in this county. How tenacious are we in retaining those old customs which gratify the senses! and, on the contrary, how readily do we quit, when at liberty, those institutions which mortify the sensual appetite!

EASTER

Is likewise a time of similar rejoicings; as is Whitsuntide in some places. In sheep-farming districts, the sheep-shearing season is generally concluded with festive entertainments: and the corn-harvest is terminated on every farm with equal hilarity. This last is called the *kirn*, a provincial term for churn, from the cream, and oaten or wheaten cake, which formerly was the principal ingredient in the feast, and still continues to form the last dish of the kirn supper.

Nothing marks more strongly the character and manners of a people than their public amusements, and their mode of spending such leisure hours as usually occur.

DIVERSIONS.

THE diversions of the young men are of the athletic kind, such as running, leaping, wrestling, football, trippet, hunting, and horse-racing. The savage sport of cock-fighting has also taken deep root in this county, and draws together a large collection of rude gamblers once a year, at every village alehouse; and that about the beginning and end of Lent. Girls often play at hand-ball; dancing is a common amusement of both sexes; as well as an occasional game at cards. The boys divert themselves with these sports in miniature: and also play at other more juvenile games, which are mostly faint re-

presentations

presentations of the warlike feats of their ancient forefathers. The game called *beggarly Scot*, in particular, exhibits a striking view of the free-booting practices of the former border inhabitants. The boys divide themselves into two parties, one of which represents the Scots, and the other the English; they fix upon two holds, at the distance of about 60 or 100 yards, and a boundary line is marked between them. The boys then pull off their coats, waistcoats, and hats; and each party places its clothes at its proper hold. The object now on both sides, is to plunder the enemy in the most dexterous manner, without being taken prisoner; because, if they are caught on their adversaries' ground, they are carried to a supposed place of confinement, and can no longer assist their friends in making prizes of the clothes, who are probably, at last, totally overpowered. Sometimes the prisoners are mutually allowed to fight and plunder for the conquerors.

The villagers spend their winter evenings generally in small parties over homely fires: men, except manufacturers and some mechanics, do nothing after night sets in; but women of every description, from eight years old and upwards, are employed till bed-time—about ten o'clock—in spinning, knitting, sewing, &c.

THE SKY-LARK.

From Dr. Drake's Literary Hours, Vol. II. p. 461, 8vo. Edit.

THE soaring of the Sky-Lark, though a subject hacknied in the pages of poetry, is delineated in The Farmer's Boy, a poem by Robert Bloomfield, with several strokes of minute originality. The most beautiful part in the description, and which is at once curiously faithful and expressively harmonious, I have copied in Italics.

When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh:
Just starting from the corn she* cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings,
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wand'ring bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for a while, yet pours her varied song,
He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light;
The flutt'ring songstress a mere speck became.

Milton and Thomson have both introduced the flight of the sky-lark; the first with his accustomed spirit and sublimity; but probably no poet has surpassed, either in fancy or expression, the following prose narrative of Dr. Goldsmith. "Nothing," observes he, "can be more pleasing, than to see the lark warbling upon the wing; raising its note as it soars, until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen:—to see it then de-

* Does the hen-bird sing?

scending

scending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centered; the spot that has prompted all this joy*." This description of the descent of the bird, and of the pleasures of its little nest, is conceived in a strain of the most exquisite delicacy and feeling.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE *Scottish Diversions, Music, and National Songs.*

From Dr. Currie's Edition of the Works of Burns.

WHEN the Reformation was established in Scotland, instrumental music was banished from the churches, as savouring too much of "profane minstrelsy." Instead of being regulated by an instrument, the voices of the congregation are led and directed by a person under the name of a precentor, and the people are all expected to join in the tune which he chooses for the psalm which is to be sung. Church music is therefore a part of the education of the peasantry of Scotland, in which they are usually instructed in the long winter-nights by the parish schoolmaster, who is generally the precentor, or by itinerant teachers, more celebrated for their powers of voice. This branch of education had, in the last reign, fallen into some neglect, but was revived about thirty or forty years ago, when the music itself was reformed and improved. The Scottish system of psalmody is, however, radically bad. Destitute of taste or harmony, it forms a striking contrast with the delicacy and pathos of the profane airs. Our poet, it will be found, was taught church-music, in which, however, he made little proficiency.

That dancing should also be very generally a part of the education of the Scottish peasantry, will surprise those who have only seen this description of men; and still more those who reflect on the rigid spirit of Calvinism with which that nation is so deeply affected, and to which the recreation is strongly abhorrent. The winter is also the season when they acquire dancing, and indeed almost all their other instruction.

They are taught to dance by persons generally of their own number, many of whom work at daily labour during the summer months. The school is usually a barn, and the arena for the performers is generally a clay floor. The dome is lighted by candles stuck in one end of a cloven stick, the other end of which is stuck into the wall. Reels, Strathspeys, country dances, and hornpipes, are here practised. The jig, so much in favour among the English peasantry, has no place among them. The attachment of the people of Scotland, of every rank, and particularly of the peasantry, to this amusement, is very great. After the labours of the day are over, young men and women walk many miles in the cold and dreary nights of winter, to these country dancing schools; and the instant that the violin sounds a Scottish air, fatigue seems to vanish, the toil-bent rustic becomes erect, his features brighten with sympathy; every nerve seems to thrill with sensation, and every artery to

* History of the earth and animated nature.

vibrate

vibrate with life. These rustic performers are indeed less to be admired for grace than agility and animation, and their accurate observance of time. Their modes of dancing, as well as their tunes, are common to every rank in Scotland, and are now generally known. In our own day, they have penetrated into England, and have established themselves even in the circle of royalty. In another generation, they will be naturalized in every part of the island*.

The prevalence of this taste, or rather passion, for dancing, among a people so deeply tinctured with the spirit and doctrines of Calvin, is one of those contradictions which the philosophic observer so often finds in the national character and manners. It is probably to be ascribed to the Scottish music, which, throughout all its varieties, is so full of sensibility, and which, in its livelier strains, awakes those vivid emotions that find in dancing their natural solace and relief.

This triumph of the music of Scotland over the spirit of the established religion, has not, however, been obtained without long continued and obstinate struggles. The numerous sectaries who dissent from the establishment, on account of the relaxation which they perceive, or think they perceive, in the church, from her original doctrines and discipline, universally condemn the practice of dancing, and the schools where it is taught: and the more elderly and serious part of the people of every persuasion, tolerate rather than approve these meetings of the young of both sexes, where dancing is practised to their spirit-stirring music, where care is dispelled, toil is forgotten, and prudence itself is sometimes lulled to sleep.

The Reformation, which proved fatal to the rise of the other fine arts in Scotland, probably impeded, but could not obstruct the progress of its music; a circumstance that will convince the impartial inquirer, that this music not only existed previously to the era, but had taken a firm hold of the nation; thus affording a proof of its antiquity stronger than any produced by the researches of our antiquaries.

The impression which the Scottish music has made on the people, is deepened by its union with the national songs, of which various collections of unequal merit are before the public. These songs, like those of other nations, are many of them humourous, but they chiefly treat of love, war, and drinking. Love is the subject of the greater proportion. Without displaying the higher powers of imagination, they exhibit a perfect knowledge of the human heart, and breathe a spirit of affection, and sometimes of delicate and romantic tenderness, not to be surpassed in modern poetry, and

* At a late fete, given by her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, at Oatlands, the dances were as follow:—1. Ramah Droog. 2. Miss Murray of Auchtertyre. 3. The Tartan Plaidie. 4. Lady Harriet Hope's Reel. And, lastly, the enchanting tune of Mrs. Gordon of Troupe's Strathspey, was called for by the Princess Augusta, and danced twice over by all the set. Between the second and third dance, their Majesties desiring to see the Highland Reel in all its purity, it was danced by the Marquis of Huntley and Lady Georgina Gordon, Colonel Erskine and Lady Charlotte Durham, with all the elastic motion, hereditary character, and boundless variety of the Scottish dance.

which

which the more polished strains of antiquity have seldom possessed.

The origin of this amatory character in the rustic muse of Scotland, or of the greater number of these love songs themselves, it would be difficult to trace; they have accumulated in the silent lapse of time, and it is now perhaps impossible to give an arrangement of them in the order of their date, valuable as such a record of taste and manners would be.

Their present influence on the character of the nation is, however, great and striking. To them we must attribute, in a great measure, the romantic passion which so often characterizes the attachments of the humblest of the people of Scotland, to a degree, that, if we mistake not, is seldom found in the same rank of society in other countries. The pictures of love and happiness exhibited in their rural songs, are early impressed on the mind of the peasant, and are rendered more attractive from the music with which they are united. They associate themselves with his own youthful emotions; they elevate the object as well as the nature of his attachment; and give to the impressions of sense the beautiful colours of imagination.

Hence, in the course of his passion, a Scottish peasant often exerts a spirit of adventure, of which a Spanish cavalier need not be ashamed. After the labours of the day are over, he sets out for the habitation of his mistress, perhaps at many miles distance, regardless of the length or the dreariness of the way. He approaches her in secrecy, under the disguise of night. A signal at the door or window, perhaps agreed on, and understood by none but her, gives information of his arrival, and sometimes it is repeated again and again, before the capricious fair one will obey the summons. But if she favours his addresses, she escapes unobserved, and receives the vows of her lover under the gloom of twilight, or the deeper shade of night.

Interviews of this kind are the subjects of many of the Scottish songs, some of the most beautiful of which Burns has imitated or improved. In the art which they celebrate, he was perfectly skilled; he knew and had practised all its mysteries. Intercourse of this sort is indeed universal even in the humblest condition of man in every region of the earth. But it is not unnatural to suppose, that it may exist in a greater degree, and in a more romantic form, among the peasantry of a country who are supposed to be more than commonly instructed, who find in their rural songs expression for their youthful emotions, and in whom the embers of passion are continually fanned by the breathings of a music full of tenderness and sensibility.

The direct influence of physical causes on the attachment between the sexes, is comparatively small, but it is modified by moral causes beyond any other affection of the mind; of these, music and poetry are the chief. Among the snows of Lapland, and under the burning sun of Angola, the savage is seen hastening to his mistress, every where he beguiles the weariness of his journey with poetry and song*.

* The North American Indians, among whom the attachment between the sexes is said to be weak, and love, in the purer sense of the word, unknown, seem nearly unacquainted with the charms of poetry and music.

NEW

NEW THOUGHTS ON HUNTING.

For the Sporting Magazine.

To the EDITOR of which it is most respectfully inscribed, by his very sincere admirer, VENATOR.

——though other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matins chaunt, nor brook my long delay. *Somerville.*

IT has ever been one of my established opinions, that when we perceive, or hear, any practice or sentiment attacked, which we consider as really beneficial, and conducive to the interests of our country, it is our duty to defend them by every means in our power. Such is the opinion I entertain of Hunting. In spite of all the clamour of the philanthropist, about the inhumanity and brutality of the pursuit, I still maintain the opinion I have ever held of its great utility and advantage. I think it, as far as I am able to judge, an exercise highly worthy of the civilized man, and not in the least incompatible with the character and virtues of the Christian; as has been erroneously, in my opinion at least, asserted by many. To point out its salutary effects, and endeavour to prove its utility, is my present design.

If antiquity carry any authority along with it; if the being pursued and sanctioned by the approbation of the best and wisest men in every age, is any proof of merit; the diversion of hunting is undoubtedly not deficient in this instance. We have the professed approbation of some of the most celebrated writers amongst the ancients; viz. Xenophon, Cicero, Pliny, Athenæus, Symmachus, &c. Julius Pollux, the preceptor to the Emperor Commodus, gives us, in the fifth book of his Onomastics, a kind of oration upon the utility of hunting, in which he shews, that this pursuit is more particularly suitable to kings and princes. "It is fit," says he, "that an Emperor should give his attention to hunting, as it is an heroic and princely exercise, and is suited in an equally great degree to procure a good habit of body as of mind, and is not less useful in peace than war, since it is the mistress of temperance, as well as of boldness and of military courage: it makes a man robust and active, a good horseman, shrewd and penetrating, and fond of labour."

Pliny, in his panegyric upon Trajan, observes, that "generals were accustomed to be stored with this science." Cicero, in his book "De Natura Deorum," says, that "we ought to be exercised in hunting, after the likeness of war." Again, Xenophon (lib. i. De Instit. Cyri) calls hunting the truest representation of military affairs. Philo the Jew (in lib. de Josepho) affirms that, "to him who is about to be a leader and commander in war, the exercise of hunting is almost indispensible."

Of persons who have written expressly upon hunting, Xenophon is reported to have been among the first. This celebrated philosopher, author, and warrior, wrote a treatise on hunting, and likewise on horses and horsemanship. He was particularly fond of and skilled in this exercise.

Gratian, an eminent Latin poet, contemporary with Ovid, wrote an heroic poem, intituled, "Cunegeticon," or, "the art of hunting with dogs." Nemesien, a Carthaginian poet in the third century, about the year 281, composed a poem, intituled, "Cunegeticon," which he dedicated to the sons of the Empe-

ror Carus. This piece of poetry was so much approved in the eighth and ninth centuries, that it was read among the classics in all the public schools, as appears from a letter of the celebrated Hincmar, bishop of Rheims.

William Budeus, in the time of Francis I. wrote a beautiful work on hunting, and particularly that of the stag. Budeus was in high favour with Francis I. who sent him on an embassy to Leo X. and, in the year 1522, made him Master of Requests.

Plutarch tells us, that Callisthenes wrote three books on hunting. But it appears rather doubtful.

But we must not by any means forget Oppian, who wrote four books on hunting, in the second century. The Emperor Caracalla, to whom they were presented, was so much pleased with them, that he is reported to have given a crown of gold for every line; whence, or, as it is asserted, on account of their superior excellence, they derived the name of Golden Verses.

Æneas Sylvius (Pius II.) wrote a book on this pursuit; as also did the Cardinal Adrian; and numberless others of less note, viz. Heresbachius, Stephanus, Lipsius, in the sixteenth century; Sebastian, &c. &c.

Homer is perpetually alluding to, and deriving similies from, the different modes of hunting. Virgil also very frequently mentions the subject. I shall quote one passage, to shew how necessary it was considered in the education of youth—

———Natos ad flumina primum
Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis;
Venatu invigilant pueri sylvasque fatigant;
Flectere ludus equos, et spicula tendere cornu. *Æneid.* ix. 605.

These bath'd amid the stream our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold;
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food;
No sports but what belong to war they know,
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow. *Dryden.*

The Greeks entertained their friends with hunting, as one of their highest amusements *. Cicero, speaking of intrepidity of mind, mentions hunting particularly—"But those persons who wish to become illustrious in hunting and riding, regard no danger nor inconvenience †.

To mention every person, who has either written upon or commended in their writings this delightful exercise, would be as impossible as the attempt would be ridiculous. I shall content myself, therefore, with a few of those that have more immediately attracted my attention: nor do I think that the approbation, however coldly given, of Mr. Addison, is a small support—"Exercise of this kind," says he, "when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body." We have in Pliny a very natural description of the sagacity of the hound—"In hunting, his dexterity and sagacity are pre eminent: he diligently seeks out the footsteps, and pursues the chase, drawing on the accompanying huntsman to his prey; which as soon as he perceives, how silent

* Potter's Grecian Antiquities.

† Tusculan Questions.

he

he is, how still! how significant is his discovery to his master! his tail is first employed, then his nose." The hunting of the lion is also described by this author.

But, after all, none of the ancient poets I have mentioned, have, on the subject of hunting, more happily united science, entertainment, and good poetry, than our own Somerville. While perusing Somerville, we scarcely appear to be reading a book, but can almost suppose ourselves to be in the chase. "Somerville writes," says Dr. Warton, "with all the spirit and fire of an eager sportsman." I think we may justly say of this beautiful poem, that we cannot open without reading it, nor read without admiring.

The partiality of the princes of this island for hunting, is well known, particularly those of the Roman line. Those persons who were detected in deer-stealing, on their very extensive chases, were punished with extreme severity, by hanging, loss of limbs, &c. until it was ordained, by "Magna Charta de Foresta," that no person should lose his life or limb, for killing the king's deer, but should be fined. Our present beloved sovereign often seeks relief from the cares and anxieties of government, in the animating pleasures of the chase. And what more pleasing spectacle, than to behold a monarch laying aside the distinctions of rank, and mixing like a private gentleman in the crowd of sportsmen?

The ancients had such a regard for hunting, that, in their mythology, Diana, the tutelar goddess of this diversion, is represented as remarkable for chastity and purity of manners, and is, I think, one of the most unexceptionable characters among their deities.

We learn from a passage of Mānilius, that the Pagan hunters had Meleager for their patron. Addison tells us, that "on the Pagan tombs, masks, hunting matches, and bacchanals, are very common *." In Genesis, we read—"Esau went into the field to hunt for venison." "I dare not," says the author of the Guardian, "attack a diversion which has such authority and custom to support it: nor shall I say, with Mons. Fleury, that this sport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity."

I shall now point out, and endeavour to prove, a few of the most obvious advantages of hunting. And, in the first place, with regard to health.

The chase is highly recommended by Galen, both as affording beneficial exercise to the body, and entertainment and pleasure to the mind.

In the Spectator, it is prescribed "as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one." Dryden is quoted as authority for this opinion—

The first physicians by debauch were made:
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food,
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood:
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to three-score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught:
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.

Dryden's Epistle to J. Dryden.

* Addison in Italy.

Addison says, in another paper of the Spectator—"We find that those parts are most healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that men lived longest, when their lives were employed in hunting."

Horace, speaking of the chase, calls it—

Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,
Vitæque et membris. *Hor. Epist.* 18.

The chase was by our sires esteem'd,
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
Francis's Translation.

Nor is it the exercise alone in hunting, that is beneficial in point of health. It is necessary that the sportsman should rise early in the morning; and what can be more salubrious, what can more firmly brace the nerves, and give greater vigour to the constitution, than shaking off the siren sloth, and inhaling the fragrance of the morn? Early rising is almost invariably very conducive to health; but if it be an advantageous thing for a man of business, to take a morning walk, before he places himself at his desk, or enters the crowded warehouse, how health-inspiring, how purely beneficial, must early rising be to the sportsman, who reaps at the same time the advantages of the most delightful exercise, and all the pleasures of the morn?

Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs;
And in each blooming countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy. *Somerville.*

Besides these two advantages of exercise and early rising, there consists a third, in the great inducement it affords to our high bred youths to leave London. It would be madness to deny, that their sporting excursions into the country, and the change from the close, smoky air of London, for the invigorating air of their country residences, are very conducive to health. Their nights are not spent in dancing and card playing, but in sound refreshing sleep. After the fatigue of a long chase, they are glad, at ten or eleven o'clock, instead of preparing for the opera, or a rout, to take a light supper, and seek repose. Thus, they strengthen their constitutions, and enjoy the full vigour of all their faculties, which the mode of living in London certainly tends to weaken and enervate.

On other accounts too, hunting being the cause of bringing them down from London, is very advantageous, not only to themselves, but to society at large. They cannot avoid, in some degree at least, looking into their own affairs, and are less liable to be imposed upon by the steward or the tenant. They know, from actual observation, the state of their villas. They see perhaps a neighbouring gentleman paying great attention to agriculture, and by this means, of course, very much improving his estate. They become themselves desirous of making alterations and improvements; they employ a number of hands in honest labour. They enter, perhaps, into some one of our excellent agricultural societies, and by degrees become attached to a place, which has been thus improved under their own eye. On their return to London, they describe, not without a sort of commendable pride, their improvements and alterations, to their numerous friends and acquaintances; and these, perhaps, determine, the next year, to visit their respective country seats; and the same consequences ensue. Thus, then, the whole face of the country becomes bettered and improved. By this means our noble youth, instead of lounging away an idle,

idle, unprofitable existence, become truly useful members of society.

In a military point of view, it would be the height of absurdity to deny the beneficial influence of field-sports. Hunting is peculiarly calculated to give that active habitude of body, and dexterity in horsemanship, which are so indispensibly necessary to a soldier.

This was a prevalent opinion in Nimrod's mind "In applying himself to this laborious and dangerous exercise," says Rollin, "he had two things in view. The first was to gain the people's affection, by delivering them from the fury and dread of wild beasts. The next was, to train up numbers of young people, by this exercise, to endure labour and hardship; to form them to a use of arms; to inure them to a kind of discipline and obedience; that, at a proper time, after they had been accustomed to his orders, and seasoned in arms, he might make use of them for other purposes more serious than hunting."

The exercise of hunting should precede the toils of war. Skill in the management of horses, and the use of arms, are talents common to the soldier and the hunter. Agility of body, and habitude of motion and fatigue, so very necessary to support and second courage, are acquired in hunting, and carried to war. Hunting may be considered as the delightful school of a necessary science. There are few if any amusements which afford so entire a relief from business. Hunting is a relaxation, without softness and effeminacy; and a diversion which affords the most lively pleasure, without any languor, alloy, and satiety.

Incessant application to abstruse studies, or the intricacies of business; the leading a sedentary life, and making our study the centre of existence; is a state little agreeable to nature: so, that of a bustleing tumultuous life, hurried away as it were by the motion of other men, and the necessity of laying restraint upon ourselves, and acting with ceremony, seems to me a situation still more unnatural. Thus, a taste for hunting, shooting, fishing, gardening, and agriculture, is a taste natural, and in the highest degree beneficial to all.

No less, however, with regard to horses, is the practice of hunting beneficial. The English hunter is allowed, universally, to combine the advantages of beauty and of sterling utility, more than horses in any other country of the globe. And what is the cause of this superlative excellence? Why, it is owing to the care we take in breeding and training them, and to a certain degree of emulation, that each gentleman has of possessing a stud superior to that of his neighbour. "English hunters are sent over to the continent in great numbers. Their superior worth is universally acknowledged abroad; and they are sold at very high prices to foreigners of distinction *." Who is there that will not say, it is of great consequence to maintain the excellence of our breed; and who will deny that the amusements of hunting and racing are very instrumental in effecting and supporting these advantages?

In the foregoing pages, one or two of the leading advantages of hunting are stated. I now come to attempt to refute the idea of the barbarity and brutality of the diversion. Hare-hunting and stag-hunting are the chief points that these compassionate hearted people blame. Amongst the rest,

* Bewick's Quadrupeds.

Thomson,

Thomson, after a violent Philippic against hare-hunting and shooting, in which "the steady tyrant, man," is accused of "thoughtless insolence of power," and of being "the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste," because he, "for sport alone, pursues the cruel chase:"—after this violent declamation, and compassionate description of the feelings of the hare, we are advised, "if we must have the chase,"

> to give
> Our sportive fury, pitiless, to pour
> Loose on the nightly robber of the fold.

I must confess I see no reason why the hare is so very much more worthy of commiseration, than the fox. The hare is certainly, whatever Mr. Thomson may say to the contrary, by no means a harmless animal. This animal is so very prolific, that, were it suffered to remain unmolested entirely, they would become a serious nuisance. The Count de Buffon assures us, that, "in districts appropriated to the pleasures of the chase, four or five hundred hares are sometimes killed in the course of a single day's sport. The multiplication of these animals," he continues, "is very rapid. From the first year of their existence, they are always in a condition for propagating."

The hare is diffused universally over every climate of the earth. The antiquity of hare-hunting is very great. Oppian gives us a description of the chase of this animal, in the fourth book of his Cunegeticon. Homer frequently alludes to it, in the account of the pursuit of Dolon by Ulysses and Diomedes; he is compared to a hare pursued by two dogs. (*Il.* x. 360, 361.)

> As when two skilful hounds the lev'ret wind.
>
> *Pope's Translation.*

Virgil also mentions this kind of hunting in several places in his works—

> Et canibus leporem, canibus venabere damas.
>
> Thy hound ——— in the sylvan chase,
> Or hare or hart, with faithful speed will trace.

And again, in the first book of the Georgics—

> Auritosque sequi lepores. *Geor.* i. 308.
>
> O'er tainted ground pursue the list'ning hare. *Pitt.*

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, there were laws established by the Duke of Norfolk, concerning the chase of the hare, and which were thence held authentic.

No one declaims more violently against this diversion, than the author of Animal Biography, who appears to me, I must confess, carried away by a false refinement.—"Wretchedly, indeed," says he, "are these—viz. intellect and reason—perverted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit." Does Mr. Bingley mean to condemn every sportsman, in these lines, as a cruel unmanly being; or, does he only mean those who pursue the hare? If only the latter are the butt of his—I must say—illiberal sarcasms, I think he is guilty, as well as Thomson, of inconsistency, if he approve of fox-hunting and not of this diversion. For, with regard to the idea that a fox-hunter is endeavouring to extirpate a noxious animal, it is a mistaken one; for the case is exactly the contrary. The fox-hunter will do all in his power to advance the breeding of foxes. If we speak of the feelings of the animal, I must confess, I know not why it is more inhuman to hurt those of the hare than of the fox. The hare is evidently, by the great length of the hind legs, more adapted by nature to

to the chase than any other animal. But all these ideas of cruelty and brutality are relative.

In speaking or thinking on this subject, we are not to judge abstractedly of the apparent barbarity of the sport, without throwing into the opposite scale the many and great advantages that accrue from it; and in this comparison, we shall find what might appear cruelty, done away by the greatly overbalancing utility.

The same observation may, I think, be made with regard to shooting. Partridges, woodcocks, snipes, &c. cannot possibly be numbered amongst the necessaries of life; but the pleasure, and various gratifications that accrue to us from the pursuit, will be found, I believe, to destroy the imputation of inhumanity, brutality, and barbarity; nor should we, I imagine, have a very favourable idea of the liberality of that man's mind, who was to bestow these epithets upon any one who shot a partridge, although it were not one of the absolute necessaries of life.

I shall again quote the Spectator—which I take to be high authority—in defence of hare-hunting. "I must confess," says our author, "the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo by two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged, because I was sure it was innocent."

The most noble, however, of the modes of hunting, which can be pursued in this country, is undoubtedly the chase of the stag. Homer frequently deduces similies from this diversion.

The most important action in the whole Iliad, is compared to this mode of hunting—I mean the death of Hector—in the pursuit of whom, by Achilles, he is described as a fawn pursued by a hound—

Ως δ'οτε νεβρον ορεσφικυων ελαφοιο διηται
Ορσας εξ ευνης δια τ'αγκεα και δια βησσας
Τον δ'ειπερ τε λαθησι καταπληξας υπο θαμνω
Αλλα τ'ανιχνευων θεει εμπεδον, οφρα κεν ευρη. *Il.* χ. 189.

As through the forest, o'er the vale and lawn,
The well-breath'd beagle drives the flying fawn;
In vain he tries the coverts of the brakes,
Or deep beneath the trembling thicket shakes;
Sure of the vapour in the tainted dews,
The certain hound his various maze pursues. *Pope's Trans.*

Virgil frequently mentions it—

Insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Julus,
Hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia virgo
Objicit, et noto nares contingit odore,
Ut cervum ardentes agerent.
Virg. Æneid. 7.

————Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The fury fires the pack, they snuff the vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent;
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.

The story of Actæon is too well known for it to be necessary to relate it here as a proof of this sport being mentioned by Ovid.

The Count de Buffon says—"The chase of the stag requires a species of knowledge which can only

only be learnt by experience. It implies a royal assemblage of horses, dogs, and men, all so trained, practised, and disciplined, that their movements, their researches, and their skill, must concur in producing one common end." But even this approved and celebrated pursuit does not escape the lash of censure. Mr. Bingley, the author of Animal Biography, whom I mentioned above, calls it "a pursuit that reflects disgrace on a country which boasts over the world its civilization and humanity." He continues—"For the untutored Indian of America, we may plead the want of knowing better; but we cannot make the same apology for an Englishman and a Christian."

This appears to me but a vague assertion; nor is any proof adduced by Mr. Bingley of its evil effects. His own words are, that stag-hunting is "a pursuit that reflects disgrace on a country." We must conclude then, of course, that he thinks every one, so long as he is employed in stag hunting, a disgrace to his country. Perhaps he is not perfectly aware of the very great number of highly respectable characters, of humane worthy men, of good Christians, and most estimable members of society, he stigmatizes in that sentiment. I hope I shall be excused in saying, that I think it is rather too great a latitude of expression, to call any pursuit a disgraceful thing, because it does not exactly accord with our own sentiments.

Let not, however, any one mistake me in my ideas of hunting. I do not mean to say, that every thing else is to be subservient to the pursuit of it; far from it; I only would wish it to be followed by the generality of mankind, as a relaxation from study and business. I wish, however, that all possible encouragement should be given to it. "A wise politician," says Dr. Knox, "who did not wish to monopolize the delights of the chase, would encourage this natural propensity among the vagabond and the unemployed." I must say, I most sincerely lament the enormous taxes upon horses and dogs, and wish they were at least so much lessened, as to suffer the man of business, or moderate fortune, to enjoy this diversion as formerly. In my own opinion, so far from suffering the ardour of field-sports to abate in the public mind, it is the duty of the legislature, and their highest interest, to give it every possible encouragement. I consider the conduct of those liberal-minded gentlemen, who expend a large sum of money, in the maintenance of a pack of hounds, to the great advantage and accommodation of their neighbours, as highly worthy of commendation; and that, so far from wasting their money in these expences, they are rendering a very essential service to their neighbourhood and country.

THE THREE LEEKS.

AMONG the holiday occurrences at Greenwich, a singular wager was laid at the sign of The Three Leeks public house in that town.

A well-informed old pensioner had gathered a number of apprentices and holiday folks around him, by relating, in an audible voice, the service he had seen defending his country, and the many instances he had witnessed of the honours paid the British flag. The landlord, thinking his volubility more noisy than necessary, checked him rather abruptly,

Perch Fishing party.

Pub. June 1 1800, by J. Wheble, Warwick Square.

abruptly, on which the old veteran, in his turn, made some harsh remarks at the expence of the landlord; called him an untutored Cockney, and offered to lay any wager he did not know the origin of the sign of his door-post. The latter, incensed at such insinuations, expressed his readiness to accept any wager, that his sign admitted of no other construction than the figures painted on it, namely, Three Green Garden Leeks, provided the bet was deposited in the hands of a bystander. The pensioner acceded to the proposal, and produced a guinea, which was staked with the landlord's, and consented to forfeit it, if he did not produce a document to prove the origin of the sign. He then went out, and shortly returned with an old ballad, almost obsolete, which celebrated the valour and patriotism of three persons formerly residing at Greenwich, named Leek, the father and two sons, who were on board a ship called the Royal Prince, in the reign of Charles I. when she was attacked at sea by three Dutch vessels of superior force, and in the gallant defence made by the English, every officer on board the vessel was killed, but John Leek, the boatswain, who immediately took the command, called his two sons to assist him in bravely resisting the enemy, and, addressing the crew, animated them so much by his courage and behaviour, that they returned to their guns with such intrepidity, that the three Dutchmen were obliged to sheer off.

The Leeks thus having saved one of the King's ships from the enemy, brought her into port, where they were rewarded for their bravery. Leek the boatswain was made Gunner of England, and his sons officers of rank in the navy: they afterwards lived near the public house, the sign of which had been changed by ignorance from the Three Valiant Leeks, to the Three Green Leeks, of Greenwich.

The arbitrators were of opinion, the pensioner had won; the guinea was therefore given to the old sailor, who immediately called for a bowl of punch with the money inviting the auditory to drink to the memory of "The Three Leeks of Greenwich."

A PERCH-FISHING PARTY, ON THE NINE, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.

Subject of the annexed Plate.

This sober sport becomes the gentle mind,
Peace waits the float, and Health attends behind;
Smiling she comes, from ev'ry fragrant grove,
To scatter roses on the cheek of love:
O! source of bliss, in which the wise may join,
Nor fear rebuke where mounts the theme divine!
WOTTON.

DURING the last summer, my domestic concerns invited me to the city of Peterborough. In my way to that place, I fell in with a select party, at the Bell, at Stilton. The group consisted of two well-bred gentlemen, and their ladies, a black servant, and a boy to carry their tackle. They were preparing their lines as I was introduced to the great parlour. They were not a little lavish in their commendations of Mr. Ustonson of Temple Bar, whose long practice, they said, had enabled him to furnish materials of unequalled excellence. By their conversation, I presently found they were more attached

tached to the pleasures of the piscatory art, than to any other sport in the book of rural pastimes, and that they had taken a jaunt in their own carriage from the western part of the metropolis, purposely for a day's sport on Wittlesea Mere, or some other water of equal celebrity in that neighbourhood, as likely to afford them entertainment. By the time we became better acquainted, they found my propensity to the aquatic pleasure equal their own, and that my knowledge of the face of the country was likely to assist in obtaining that enjoyment only to be expressed by a true lover of the oldest employment in the universe. With the greatest politeness, they invited me to be of the party. I accepted the invitation, and took the liberty to propose a perch-fishing ramble the next day, on the shores of the river Nine, where, during the months of June and July, the finest of that species in England are found in wonderful abundance. The perch was now in its highest season, and my proposal immediately met with the approbation of these respectable travellers. The appointment was adjusted to the satisfaction of all; and I made it my task to provide the punt, and be ready the next morning with it at the Dog and Doublet, in the neighbourhood of Wittlesea. The company were precisely to the time, and quitting the carriage entered the vessel—

Before mad riot's silly sons were up,
Before the dew-drop left the cowslip's cup,
Just as the nightly mists afar were driv'n,
And the sweet lark address'd his song to heav'n.

Not a breeze, not a cloud appeared, to disturb the serenity of indulgent nature, and the sunbeams beginning to shed their influence with brow-tanning warmth, we put the boat to the opposite side, when, under a clump of beeches, close to the old dike that leads to the Fen-town, we made fast above a fine gravel bottom, where we could clearly perceive the sport assemble in shoals, wantonly leaping for the passing fly, or turn to the morning ray their glittering bellies: and now every one took a station; the gentlemen in the centre, the ladies to the steerage, where the black servant baited their hooks, and disengaged the scaly captives from the fatal snare, while the lad attended with the landing net, between the oars, at the head of the punt. For a moment I left the party; it was only to find refreshment; and then returned to be as busy as the best; the sport was immense, incredible to declare, and all was silent pleasure. One of our gentlemen hooked a perch of most beautiful colour, and of an uncommon size. Every eye was attentive to this highest luxury of the sport, and Somerville's charming description rushing at this instant to the memory, the successful angler, in ecstacy, rehearsed thus from that sylvan poet—

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand,
To hook the scaly glutton. See! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor; his weight
My taper angle bends; surpris'd, amaz'd,
He glitters in the sun, and, struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares,
And sweet amusements; such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.

After a variety of skilful manœuvres, the sweetest enjoyment of the art, the perch was landed, and adjudged about four pounds

and

and a half. The sun had now passed his southing, and his beams becoming too powerful for the ladies, and the party generally gratified to the full extent of its wishes, we left the river Nine, only bearing with us our bristly-shouldered prize, and, at an early hour, took a plain dinner with my friend Avilling, of Wittlesea, whose urbanity should be the theme of my praise, but that it is too well known to the sportsmen of the county of Northampton to need further eulogium; and now the carriage conveyed the ladies to their inn, and I reluctantly parted with a couple of the best companions and lovers of the hook I had ever met with.

PISCATOR.

THEATRICALS.

THE SAILOR'S DAUGHTER,

A COMEDY.

Drury Lane, April 7.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain St. Amor	Mr. Pope.
Sir Matth. Moribond	Mr. Wroughton.
Mandeville	Mr. Dwyer.
Varnish	Mr. Russell.
Hartshorn	Mr. Bannister.
Lindsay	Mr. Bartley.
Raven	Mr. Dowton.
Louisa	Mrs. Jordan.
Julia Clairville	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Mrs. Hartshorn	Mrs. Sparks.

Scene—Bath.

THE Fable may be shortly described as follows—

Captain Clairville, dying of the wounds which he received in the memorable battle off Copenhagen, recommends, in his last moment, his daughter Julia to the care of his bosom friend St. Amor, who, when a youth, had experienced the Captain's kind partiality and patronage. St. Amor, called on to serve his country on foreign stations, had never seen Julia, who, soon after the death of her father, had taken shelter in the house of Dr. Hartshorn, who had been surgeon's first mate on board the Captain's ship, and entertained for his memory a very high regard. Captain St. Amor privately supplies the daughter of his friend with money, without giving the smallest intimation whence it came; but his generosity is abused by the artifice of Varnish, a young man of fashion, who has base designs on Julia, and who insinuates that these supplies came from himself. Captain St. Amor comes home, and arrives at Bath, where the scene lies, in order to witness privately the conduct of Julia. He arrives, attended by Lindsay, a young surgeon, who intends to become Hartshorn's partner, and in his place gets into the family. In due course of time, he discovers himself, is enamoured of Julia, and united to her. Varnish apologizes for his behaviour, by which a duel is prevented. There is an under-plot between Mandeville and Louisa, which is very pleasing, and not deficient in interest or spirit.

If Mr. Cumberland—the author of the piece—has not been so happy in this comedy as his warmest admirers would have wished, there are appeals to the heart and to the head which reflect honour on his muse. By some fastidious critics it may be thought too sentimental; but it is a great consolation to find that society has such a powerful advocate for good sense and pure sensibility, to oppose the torrent of trash and nonsense which has for some years disgraced the English stage, under the assumed denomination of comedy. We shall attempt,

tempt, in this hasty sketch, to describe some of the leading features.

The character of Hartshorn is well drawn. He has several appropriate allusions to the temper and acerbity of his wife; and many jokes upon his profession. Being informed that a person is waiting for him, he inquires what kind of a man?—"Very ill-looking, Sir."—"Not so *ill* as I wish him!" Receiving an insult from Varnish, whom he has attended during a long illness, he calls upon him and gives him a kind of a challenge; at the conclusion of which, in a violent passion, he, in a very eccentric manner, throws down *his bill* at Varnish's feet, with—"There's my address: Now, Sir, you know where to find me." When Hartshorn is called upon to attend Sir Matthew Moribond, an hypochondriac character similar to Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*, inquiring of his servant Raven how many physicians he has had? Raven replies—"Eleven physicians, and seven apothecaries!" He observes—"Eleven and seven, that's *a nick!*" Understanding that Sir Matthew has originally been a *bon vivant*, instead of medicine he sends him old Madeira, which happily effects his cure, and, in the course of the interview, several pleasant stories respecting physic are humourously related. After this, he states a hypochondriacal case to Captain St. Amor, who is then under the disguise of Lindsay, and requests the remedy. Lindsay answers—"Grog! Grog!"—"What! grog to a man of fashion!"—"Oh! a man of fashion! the Madeira, old Madeira."—This prescription coincides exactly with that of Hartshorn. Lindsay, the supposed apothecary, and about to become his partner, is rapturously praised by the Doctor for his profound skill and good sense. These strokes of satire appear evidently to aim at the Brownonian System of Excitability, and were very humorously deliver'd by Mr. Bannister.

With the greatest respect for Mr. Cumberland's dramatic powers, we are apt to conclude, that notwithstanding the strokes of novelty here and there produced, so as to give Hartshorn a cast different from what has already been represented on the English stage, the similitude to Lenitive and Ollapod is too clearly marked to be passed without notice. Such an imitation ought certainly to be below the dignity of Mr. Cumberland, who, when relying entirely on his own fancy and judgment, seldom or never fails of success.

In Captain St. Amor's composition there are certainly admirable traits of the heart of a British seaman, and must always be acceptable to a generous public. When Varnish challenges him, this gallant naval Captain, who is the hero of the piece, delivers himself in nearly these words—"Sir, I am engaged in the service of my country, and consequently wish to avoid all private quarrels! We are all—soldiers as well as sailors—bound to go forth in defence of our king and country; and at this moment, let me tell you, she wants our greatest exertions, and greatest energies!" This speech, containing so pointed an allusion to the critical situation of public affairs, had a very powerful effect on the audience, and was consequently very loudly applauded.

"The Sailor's Daughter," was received throughout in a very flattering manner. Some malignant spirits, however, at the conclusion, attempted to shew their spleen by hissing; but the candour of a liberal public soon extinguished that feeble and contemptible opposition.

The

The performers played admirably. Bannister, with his peculiar felicity of acting, rendered Hartshorn a very agreeable and very humourous character; exhibiting at the same time, the exquisite portrait of the benevolent apothecary. Dowton, in Raven, both in look and voice, was the very person whom the author intended; and his exertions throughout were, indeed, highly creditable to his talents. Dwyer acquitted himself very happily; and Wroughton and Pope were respectable.

Mrs. Jordan's Louisa had all the fascinations which could be expected from such a charming actress. She sung a simple, pretty ballad—

> Prithee, whither's Cupid flown,
> Gentle cousin John, &c. &c.

most delightfully. It was loudly encored from all parts of the house.

Mrs. H. Johnston, both in appearance and acting, was lovely and unaffected in Julia; and Mrs. Sparks, in Mrs. Hartshorn, deserves great commendation for her correct style, and just conception of the meaning of the poet.

At the conclusion of the play, Bannister announced the second performance in the language of the Doctor, with—"This dose to be repeated!" which produced the desired effect, with reiterated bursts of applause.

The prologue was spoken by Bartley, in his best manner. As a poetical composition, it had nothing particularly pointed.

The epilogue was indifferently delivered by Mrs. H. Johnston. It should have been given to Mrs. Jordan, whose powers are admirably calculated for such a task. It alludes to the comedy of "The West Indian," one of the very best on the English stage, in these lines—

> You, or your fathers, forty years ago,
> Nurs'd his Young Belcour, as our books will shew.

The house was uncommonly crowded; and we sincerely wish that "The Sailor's Daughter" may become as great a favourite on the stage as it will be in the closet.

WOLVES IN ENGLAND.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

AS I was reading the other day, your number of the Sporting Magazine for March, I saw a singular refutation of your opinion, that there were no wild cats in England, which pleased me very much. For, besides its being couched in very elegant and appropriate language, and that it evinced the writer to be a true sportsman, from the fervour of a warm imagination that breathes throughout, it more especially bespoke your acute discrimination, in selecting communications of genuine excellence, and such as are read with interest and avidity by every true votary of Diana.

Thus, therefore, since I am so much gratified by the perusal of venatorial transactions, and by extraordinary anecdotes of the naturalist, you will perhaps expect me to contribute a small portion of amusement to your readers, by the recital of some singular occurrences. Nor will I disappoint you, but, to the utmost of my power, will proceed to relate what happened under my own eyes, the latter end of last autumn, in the north of Cumberland.

On

On my road from Glasgow, through Carlisle, I was, by a peculiar circumstance needless to mention, obliged to deviate from the direct road to the place of my destination. I made a stay of about three weeks at a relation's, about two miles distant from Whitehaven, and, during my visit, made several excursions in the neighbourhood; and so much was I fascinated by the solitary beauties of the sea, the desart strand, the naked cliffs, and the wild inhabitants of the briny element, that I very frequently wandered alone for days, in different parts of the country, with a wallet, which I replenished at the peasant's cottage.

In one of my rambles, my ears were suddenly struck by the reiterated clamours of a multitude of husbandmen, whom I espied at the summit of a steril mount, which had the appearance of a rabbit-warren. On my approach, I interrogated one of the rustics upon the cause of the tumult; he informed me, that a ferocious animal, which they suspected to be a wolf, had, for the last month, committed terrible depredations on their flocks and herds, and ravaged the villages for a mile or two distant; that, from the dread of the vengeance of the exasperated villagers, he had not dared to extend his devastations beyond the limits of a few miles, but had hitherto confined the range of his incursions to a narrower limit than their most sanguine hopes could expect; and that the barren mountain on which they were assembled, was his lurking-place, to which he retreated in times of danger and the season of rest. They said they had made several attempts to destroy him, but he had hitherto, by his vigilance and activity, eluded their researches.

So much was my curiosity inflamed, by the relation of this almost incredible story, that I made a secret and determinate resolution, to exert all my energies, and exhaust my brain of every stratagem I could suggest, to rid the country of so terrible a pest.

I accordingly entered the crowd, where they were sedulously employed in undermining an excavated rock, where they suspected the animal had sculked. Finding that their efforts to remove the mass of rock, without proper instruments, were vain, I dispatched one of them to a neighbouring farm-house, to procure some gun powder, as I proposed blasting the rock, as the most effectual way of reaching the odious creature.

On his return, I made a hole under the rock with a chissel, placed the power in it, and compressed it by the application of a piece of rock, which I forcibly rammed down. I left, however, a small interstice underneath, through which to introduce the heated iron, in the manner of miners. Upon blasting the rock, so tremendous was the explosion, so dreadful the concussion of the mountain, to such a distance were the huge craggs hurled, by the violence of the impulse, that, had we not taken the precaution of receding to a distance, our lives might have been hazarded by our temerity.

On removing the rubbish which had been torn up by this terrible convulsion, our eyes were joyfully saluted by the object of our search; and although his hinder parts were much singed by the fire, yet, upon examination, I easily recognised those distinguishing traits which characterize the wolf. He was about the size of a greyhound, and of a tawny yellow, which shewed him to be of a degenerate breed. His light-green eyes, grim with the pangs

pangs of death, yet shot fiery flashes of unsubdued ferocity; and his whole visage betrayed marks of that insatiate voracity which he had so successfully practised on the poor villagers' property.

The rustics could not give an account of the cause of the animal's appearance in a country from which he had been so long extirpated, but averred, that it was about three weeks or a month since they first saw him. He appeared to me to be a young one, both from his size, his colour—which alters with their age—and the appearance of his teeth, which, though very sharp and strong, had not that formidable aspect which the teeth of an old one have.

As I am bewildered in conjectures how this creature could have been engendered in a region so remote from the haunts of wolves, I should be much obliged if some of your intelligent correspondents could clear my doubts on this head.

The extermination of the wolf from this kingdom was first begun by Edgar, the Saxon monarch, who repealed the sentence of any criminal, upon receiving a specified number of wolves' tongues, and converted the tributary contributions of the Welsh counties, to an annual tax of three hundred wolves' heads. Edward I. is recorded to have used every effort to effectuate their destruction in the adjoining counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, &c. and in the north of England.

"The last wolf," says a celebrated naturalist, "was killed, in Scotland, in 1680, by Sir Evan Cameron; and, in Ireland, one is mentioned to have been destroyed so late as 1730."

Gema relates a curious anecdote of a woman, a Benedictine friar, and a wolf, being caught in the same pit-fall, on the same night, in Provence. The event was, that the poor woman lost her senses through fright, the poor votary of Benedict lost his reputation with the credulous villagers, and the poor wolf lost his life. I am, your devoted admirer, and constant reader, LYCOPHONTES.

"WOLVES," says the ingenious author of *Amusement Philosophique sur le Langage des Betes*, "are very expert in hunting, and concert together, as it were, the stratagems of war. A gentleman, on his journey through one of the southern provinces of France, perceived a wolf, that seemed to be watching a flock of sheep. He informed the shepherd of it, and advised him to set his dogs instantly at him. 'I shall do no such thing,' said the shepherd. 'The wolf you see is planted there only to divert my attention, and another wolf, concealed on the other side, is watching the opportunity of my setting my dogs on this, to carry off a sheep.' The gentleman, curious to ascertain the fact, engaged to make good the loss, and the event happened as the shepherd had foreseen."

Cumberland is remarkable for the recent production of ferocious quadrupeds. It is not long since the voracious dog of the Newfoundland breed, which was lately the terror of Caldbeck, Ireby, and some other mountainous districts in Cumberland, by the havock he made among the sheep, was shot near Ireby. The man to whom the praise of the achievement belongs, has received five guineas from the neighbourhood, in recompence of his unwearied endeavours to destroy this tremendous animal, who has reigned since last November.—*Editor*.

GRAND

GRAND AND GROTESQUE CAVALCADE.

By the Societies of Gray's Inn and the Temple Before Charles I. and his Queen.

IN 1633, in the Middle Temple, were chosen of this committee, Mr. Hyde and Mr. Whitelocke; Inner Temple, Sir Edward Herbert and Mr. Selden; Lincoln's Inn, Mr. Attorney Noy and Mr. Gerling; and for Gray's Inn, Sir John Finch and Mr. ——, to conduct a Royal Masque. It was the finest thing ever seen in England. There was also at the same time an Antimasque.

On Candlemas day, in the afternoon, the masquers, horsemen, musicians, dancers, and all that were actors in this business, met at Ely House in Holborn; in this order down Chancery-lane to Whitehall.

The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in his hand, and a torch lighted in the other hand; these were the marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the marshal waiting his commands. After them, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal, then Mr. Darrel, afterwards knighted by the king. He was of Lincoln's Inn, an extraordinary handsome proper gentleman; he was mounted upon one of the King's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceedingly rich and glorious, his horsemanship very gallant, and besides his marshal's men, he had two lacquies, who carried torches by him, and a page in livery went by him, carrying his cloak. After him followed a hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, twenty five chosen out of each house, of the most proper and handsome young gentlemen of the Societies; every one of them was gallantly mounted on the best horses, and with the best furniture that the King's stable, and the stables of all the noblemen in town would afford; and they were forward on this occasion to lend them to the Inns of Court. Ever one of these hundred gentlemen were in very rich clothes, scarce any thing but gold and silver lace to be seen of them, and each gentleman had a page and two lacquies waiting on him in his livery, by his horse's side: the lacquies carried torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants; but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid shew that ever was beheld in England. After the horsemen came the Antimasquers; and as the horsemen had their music, about a dozen of the best trumpeters proper for them, and in their liveries, sounding before them, so the first Antimasque being of cripples and beggars on horseback, had their music of keys and tongs, and the like, snapping, and yet playing in a concert before them. These beggars were also mounted, but on the poorest, leanest jades that could be gotten out of the dirt carts or elsewhere; and the variety and change from such noble music and gallant horses as went before them, unto their proper music and pitiful horses, made both of them the more pleasing. The habits and properties of these cripples were most ingeniously fitted—as of all the rest

—by

—by the commissioner's direction.

After the beggars antimasque, came men on horseback, playing upon pipes, whistles, and instruments, sounding notes like those of birds of all sorts, and in excellent concert; and were followed by the antimasque of birds. This was an owl in an ivy bush, with many several sorts of other birds in a cluster about the owl, gazing as it were upon her: these were little boys put into covers of the shapes of those birds, rarely fitted, and sitting on small horses, with footmen going by them, with torches in their hands; and there were some besides to look unto the children; and this was very pleasant to the beholders.

After this antimasque came other musicians on horseback, playing upon bagpipes, hornpipes, and such kind of northern music, speaking the following antimasque of projectors to be of the Scotch and northern quarters; and these, as all the rest, had many footmen with torches waiting on them. First, in this antimasque, rode a fellow upon a little horse, with a great bit in his mouth, and upon the man's head was a bit, with head-stall and reins fastened, and signified a projector, who begged a patent, that none in the kingdom might ride their horses but with such bits as they should buy of him. Then came another fellow with a bunch of carrots upon his head, and a capon upon his fist, describing a projector, who begged a patent of monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed capons fat with carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, and have the privilege for fourteen years, according to the statute. Several other projectors were in like manner personated in this antimasque: it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an intimation was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the law; and the Attorney Noy, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this antimasque of projectors.

After this, and the rest of the antimasques were passed, all which are not here remembered, there came six of the chief musicians on horseback upon foot-cloths, and in the habits of heathen priests, and footmen carrying of torches by them. After these musicians followed a large open chariot, drawn with six brave horses, with large plumes of feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman and postillion in rich antique liveries. In the chariot were about a dozen persons, in several habits of the gods and goddesses, and by them many footmen on all sides, bearing torches.

After this chariot followed six more of the musicians on horseback, with foot-cloths, habited, and attended with torches, as the former were. After them came another large open chariot, like the former, drawn with six gallant horses, with feathers, liveries, and torches, as the other had. These chariots were made purposely for this occasion; and in this latter chariot were about a dozen musicians in like habit—but all with some variety and distinction—as those in the first chariot. These going immediately next before the grand masquers chariots, played upon excellent and loud music all the way as they went. After this chariot came six more musicians on foot-cloth horses, habited and attended as the other.

Then came the first chariot of the grand masquer, which was not so large as those that went before, but most curiously framed, and painted with exquisite art, and purposely

for this service and occasion. The form of it was after that of the Roman triumphant chariots, as near as could be gathered by some old prints and pictures extant of them. The seats in it were made of an oval form, in the back end of the chariot, so that there was no precedence in them; and the faces of all them that sat in it, might be seen together. The colours of the first chariot were silver and crimson, given by lot to Gray's Inn, as I remember. The chariot was all over painted richly with these colours; even the wheels of it most artificially laid on; and the carved work of it was as curious for that art; and it made a stately shew. It was drawn by four horses all abreast, and they were covered to their heels all over with cloth of tissue, of the colours of crimson and silver; huge plumes of red and white feathers on their heads and buttocks; the coachman's cap and feather, his long coat, and his very whip and cushion, of the same stuff and colour. In this chariot sat the four grand masquers of Gray's Inn, their habits, doublets, trunk-hose and caps, of most rich cloth of tissue, and wrought as thick with silver spangles as they could be placed; large white silk stockings up to their trunk-hose, and rich sprigs in their caps, themselves proper and beautiful young gentlemen. On each side of the chariot were four footmen, in liveries of the colour of the chariot, carrying huge flambeaux in their hands, with which the torches gave such a lustre to the paintings, spangles, and habits, that hardly any thing could be invented to appear more glorious.

After this chariot came six more musicians, like the former. These were followed by the second chariot, as the lot fell for the Middle Temple. This differed not in any thing from the former, but in colours only, which were of this chariot silver and blue; the chariot and horses were covered and decked with cloth of tissue, of blue and silver, as the former was with silver and crimson. In this second chariot were the four grand masquers of the Middle Temple, in the same habits as the other masquers were, and with similar attendants, torches and flambeaux, with the former.

After these followed the third and fourth chariots, and six musicians between each chariot, habited as before. The chariots were all of the same make, and alike carved and painted, differing only in the colours. In the third chariot rode the grand masquers of the Inner Temple, and in the fourth chariot went those of Lincoln's Inn.

They continued in their sports till it was almost morning, and then the King and Queen retiring, the masquers and Inns of Court gentlemen were brought to a stately banquet.

The Queen, who was much delighted with these solemnities, was so taken with this shew and masque, that she desired to see it acted over again; whereupon an intimation being given to the Lord Mayor of London, he invited the King and Queen, and the Inns of Court Masquers, to the city, and entertained them with all state and magnificence, at Merchant Taylors' Hall. This also gave great contentment to their Majesties, and no less to the citizens, especially to those of the younger sort, and of the female sex; and it was to the great honour and no less charge of the Lord Mayor, Freeman.

The Queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them. The persons employed in this masque were paid justly and liberally. The music cost L.1000—a sum, in 1803, equal to L.3000; and the whole cost 20,000 guineas.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

METHOD FOR MAKING SALMON ANSWER IN WEIGHT.

STUTTERING DICK and his Wife, being at a country fair, were in want of some refreshment. They agreed to have a pound of pickled salmon, and Kate soon returned with it. "W-well, dame," said Dick, "wha-wha-what have you got here?" "Why, a pound of salmon," replied she. "No, dame, n-not a p-p-p-pound, it is an i-i-island of sa-sa-salmon, of ab-about six ounces, floating in a s-sea of lipuor abo-bo-bout, eight or ten." Dick took it of his wife, and carried it back. "W-well, J-Joe," said he to the seller, "is this your way of s-s-s-selling sa-sa-sa-salmon?"—"Yes," replied Joe. "That may be," answered Dick, "b-b-but 'tis not m-m-my way of b-b-buying it. I know all your r-roguish t-t-tricks—you p-p-put a handful of s-s-salt, and a q-q-q-quart of vinegar to a gallon or two of water; and then s-s-sell it out at tenpence a-pound, an be d-d—m'd to you." Joe held out his hand, and said, "well, give me hold of it, you shall have a pound of salmon—'tis fair time, you know." "I-I-I know it," answered Dick, "and I'll take care that you shall not make your market of me."

LEE LEWIS, the late famous comedian, having made an engagement with some friends to go on a riding party, they all agreed on the place of rendezvous, which was the obelisk in Fleet-street—the course being directed along the bridge in that vicinity—at a certain hour in the morning, under the penalty of a bottle of wine. Our hero, who happened to be rather behind time, and, unfortunately for himself, not much of a horseman, in his haste, and for want of proper management, his steed run him against the obelisk, and unhorsed him; when he immediately exclaimed in his usual way, "D——n seize this *obstacle*, it always stands in my way!" A friend of his who happened to be present, reproved him for the expression, and told him it was not an *obstacle*, but an obelisk that he had run against. "I don't know," replied Lee, with an oath, "whether it was an *obstacle* or an *obelisk* I run against, but by G—d it proved an *obstacle* to me." The obstacle, however, being soon superseded, and all matters set to rights, they set forward on their journey. Approaching the leaping bar, at the other end of the bridge, lo! another obstacle appeared, which was no less than that of a man wheeling a barrow of dung across the road; which our equestrian no sooner espied, than he called out with the voice of a Stentor, "holla, you fellow, take that *obelisk* out of the way!" fearing, no doubt, he should ride over it, and be unhorsed again. He

former

former friend again reproved him, and said *that* was not an *obelisk*, but a *wheelbarrow*. Lee immediately replied, peevishly, "just now you told me it was not an *obstacle*, but an *obelisk*; and now you say it is not an *obelisk*, but a *wheelbarrow*."

JOURNEYMEN AND STATE CABINET MAKERS.

The following was published previous to the formation of the new ministry.—A very general bustle seems at present to prevail among the *Cabinet* Makers of every description, though upon widely different principles. Several were charged at the police office, Marlborough-street, on Saturday, with a conspiracy to *raise their wages*, while in another quarter we find them willing to get into *place on any terms*. The last mentioned say they have a job in hand, but the materials are not only *cross-grained*, but so *brittle* that they threaten to *split* and *fly* every moment.

Bon mot.—"Charles," cried an old sportsman, "your friends are *jockey'd*." "That's impossible," replied the wit, "for the *knowing ones* are not *taken in*.

The late Mr. Townsend, walking down Broad-street, Bristol, during an illumination, observed a boy breaking every window which had not a light in it. Mr. Townsend asked him how he dared to destroy people's windows in that wanton manner? "O, (said the urchin) it is all for the good of trade, "*I'm a Glazier!*" "All for the good of trade is it?" said Mr. T. raising his cane, and breaking the boy's head, "there, then, you young rascal, that is for the good of *my* trade—*I'm a Surgeon*."

A Gentleman coming out of the Court of King's Bench, a few days ago, found some difficulty in pressing his way out; and coming too much in contact with the gown of a Barrister, the other exclaimed, "Do mind, Sir, don't tear one to pieces!" "No, Sir," said the Gentleman," "that is your business, not mine."

An Irish Gentleman observing on the military honours prematurely accompanying the remains of Volunteers, who had perhaps been enrolled but a very few days, said, "that it was absurd to fire *three vollies* over the graves of men who perhaps had never smelt powder before!"

Curious Erratum.—A few days ago, a Country Paper addresses its readers thus—"In our last, p. 3, col. 2, it is very obvious that we meant "Emperor of the Gauls" instead, as it appeared, by a misprint, "Emperor of the *Gulls!*"

Anecdote.—During the examinations of surgeons for the army or navy, it is well known that the veterans of that respectable class question very minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous inquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe? He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, and had some hopes that he should pass with credit; but the unmerciful querist thus continued: "Pray, Sir," suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir," rejoined the enraged and harrassed son of Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Berlin Gazette contains the following notice of the death of a very distinguished animal—"On the night of the 17th of April died, of an atrophy, in a good old age of 40 years, the favourite horse of his late Majesty Frederic the Great. It was called *Condé*, and was kept in the Royal Veterinary School."

An elegy has already appeared on the death of this favourite of Frederic the Great, which reached an age which that quadruped is seldom known to have attained. His memory has also been preserved by drawings and engravings. This famous horse had been purchased in England in 1770. He was always calm during the heaviest canonade. Frederic the Great had become very fond of this animal, who was led out before him almost every day, when the King was used to feed him with sugar, and, in their season, with melons and figs; he would, in return, follow the King into his apartments. One day his Majesty permitted him to enter the saloon at Sans Souci, but having injured the fine floor with his hoofs he was never more admitted.

The only hard service which Condé had to perform, was at the Potsdam reviews. Even during the war about the Bavarian Succession, in 1778, Condé remained at Sans Souci, and was, by the King, given in particular charge to Count Schwerin, the master of the mews, who was obliged from time to time to report to his master the state and condition of his favourite. This was the horse on which the King made his last attempt to take a ride, in July, 1786.

A SIMILAR instance of longevity occurred in our own country in the course of last month. A black poney, the property of the Rev. John Shinglar, at Horbling, in Lincolnshire, died at that place, in the 38th year of its age.

THE Pytchley Hunt have summoned a general meeting of their whole field, both *welters* and *feathers*, upon special affairs. The management of the hounds, for the next season, is expected to change hands, and a sharp ballot is looked for in consequence.

THE Duke of Grafton was hustled at Epsom, in the race week, by some pick-pockets, and robbed of his purse. He was rescued from further violence by the spirited exertions of a gentleman of the city.

ON Friday, the 4th of May, Mr. Taylor, of Worston Clithero, completed a ride of 720 miles, for a bet of 300 guineas. He was allowed six days, and performed it in thirty hours within the time.—The last round but one, on Friday, he performed in 38 minutes; the last, in

in 50 minutes, owing to his being detained in Colne, as his friends insisted on decorating his horse with ribbons. He declared in the evening, that he was no more fatigued, nor otherwise stiff, than at starting on Monday morning. Each day's performance was as follows—

On Monday, he started at one o'clock in the morning, and left off at seven in the evening, eight times······*Miles*	160
Tuesday from five, and ending at seven, seven times·······	140
Wednesday, ditto, ditto······	140
Thursday, ditto, ditto·······	140
Friday, ditto, half past six o'clock ···················	140
Total, in five days·······	720

He rode the last 20 miles in one hour and forty minutes.

On Wednesday, the 16th instant, a match, for 100 guineas a side, was decided between Mr. Tennant's chesnut galloway, and Mr. Hawman's black poney, rode by the owners, 100 miles, on the road between Northallerton and York, which was won by the former. They set off from Northallerton at eight o'clock in the morning, and the winner returned, after completing the 100 miles, at half past eleven at night. The poney kept the lead eighty-two miles, was then passed by the galloway, which won easy, beating the poney six miles. They were to ride once to York and back, and twice to Thirsk and back, round Northallerton Cross every time. In going back to Thirsk, the poney gave up at Thornton-le-street, when about a quarter of a mile behind the galloway. Before starting, 6 to 4 on the poney; but after they had gone eighty-two miles, 5 to 1 on the galloway. Mr. Tennant is about sixty years of age, was quite in liquor when he went off, and had been all the night before; notwithstanding, he rose the next morning at five o'clock, and appeared to be not in the least fatigued. The galloway is about fourteen hands, and the poney between eleven and twelve hands high.

Last month, the otter hounds of Mr. Coleman, of Leominster, killed, in Monkland mill-pond, an otter of extraordinary size: it measured from the nose to the end of the tail, four feet, ten inches, and weighed $34\frac{1}{2}$lb. This animal was supposed to be nearly eight years old, and to have destroyed a ton of fish yearly.

About eighteen months since, Mr. Thompson, of Hornsey, had a horse and mare stolen out of his fields, and advertised a reward for the recovery of the same, but to no purpose. The mare, which cost 120 guineas, was lately traced to the possession of a person in London, who is called upon to give an account how he came by the said mare.

In the beginning of this month, during the race week at Chester, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Gentlemen of Cheshire and those of Derbyshire, which was won by the former, as under—

	Cheshire. M.	B.	*Derbyshire.* M.	B.
Monday ·····	5	1	2	1
Tuesday ·····	5	0	3	1
Wednesday ··	3	1	5	0
Thursday ····	5	1	3	0
Friday ·······	7	2	1	0

Thursday morning, May 24, a most furious fight took place between two female bruizers, of the names of Bet Humphreys, and Sarah Moses, a Jewess, for one guinea a side, near the Mount in Whitechapel-road; after a fair fight of near 20 minutes, Humphreys gave her antagonist so severe a blow on the breast, as to knock her down, and for some minutes she was not able to speak.

On

On Friday, the day of presenting colours at Blackheath, Mary Ann Talbot, who has served several years in the navy, and been in some engagements, under the name of John Taylor, resumed her seaman-dress, and went down the River in a boat to see the review. The waterman attempted to impose on her, and on resisting his demand he used much abusive language, and challenged her to fight; the proposal was accepted, and they landed at the Isle of Dogs for the purpose; after a sharp set to, her superior dexterity prevailed, and the fellow declared himself beaten, and gladly consented to carry her to Greenwich without further payment.—She, however, paid him his fare, and remitted the small wager which he risked on his battle.

SUSSEX HEROISM.

A Gentleman of Chichester, walking in the fields, observed two young men in a pond, very bloody and bruised, washing themselves; he inquired how they came in such a situation, and was told they had been fighting, which they frequently did, to be convinced who was the conqueror; but this not being yet accomplished, and the hour of work being at hand, they were obliged to defer it till another morning.

The young man named Charles Watford, who lately undertook, for a wager of five guineas, to walk 100 miles in 30 hours, on the Skaynes-Hill road, as stated in our last Magazine, it should have been observed, performed the task *barefooted*, and hence the suffering which he experienced on his journey and afterwards.

At the Public-Office, Marlborough street, on the 4th of May, a coachman, in the service of Lady Wake, charged a very respectable livery stable-keeper, at the West-end of the town, with committing an assault upon him, in consequence of some altercation which they had about a pair of horses, which it was expected her Ladyship would buy from the keeper of the livery stables. It appears that a custom prevails among the grooms and coachmen of persons of fortune of demanding a sum of money from the seller of a horse for their recommendation of it to their master or mistress. This demand is too frequently complied with, on account of the smallness of the sum which is demanded. In other instances where the seller wishes to take the advantage of the want of knowledge in the buyer, he will not scruple to give a greater premium to the servant. The Defendant said, that in the present case he could prove that the horses were sound, and yet he said, that the coachman demanded so high a fee as 10l. before he would give a favourable opinion of them to his mistress. When he next saw the coachman, some angry words passed between them, and the defendant said that the complainant gave him the lie; upon which he told him that if he would repeat such language he would knock him down. The words were repeated, and he confessed that he was as good as his word, and knocked the man down immediately.

The Magistrate observed, that the conduct of the man was unquestionably very bad; and that the defendant might either see what weight the mention of such behaviour would have with the Lady, or he might endeavour to punish the man another way, as he thought fit: but as no language which had been used by the man could, in law, justify an assault, he must bind him over to stand his trial at the next Quarter Sessions.

On Monday morning, May 7, a chariot horse broke from his traces at

at Tovill, and ran from thence through Maidstone into the barrack-yard. The infantry being out on exercise, endeavoured to stop him, by forming a line, with their firelocks and bayonets fixed; but the affrighted animal, with his harness rattling at his heels, regardless of danger, broke the line, by knocking down two or three men and breaking their muskets. The horse being entangled fell, and we are happy to find, no material mischief ensued.

A TROTTING-MATCH lately took place on the Bath road, from Knightsbridge to Slough, between a gelding and a mare. The mare was the victor, and trotted over the ground in one hour and eleven minutes, a distance of nineteen miles and a half.

THE following melancholy occurrence took place at Durley, near Bishop's-Waltham, between one and two o'clock on Sunday morning, the 6th inst.—A rookery belonging to Mr. Edward Houghton was entered by some armed men with bludgeons, for the purpose of stealing rooks, when they were hailed by a person named Millet, stationed there to protect the rookery, who endeavoured to persuade them to desist and go away, which they refused. Millet then left them, and returned with Mr. Houghton and his brother-in-law Mr. Peter Barfoot; a scuffle ensuing, one of the men named James West, received a wound from Mr. Barfoot with a knife, which occasioned his immediate death; another of them, named Dowse, was wounded. The Coroner's Inquest has since sat on the body of West, and, after an investigation of two days, returned a verdict of *Wilful Murder*. Mr. Barfoot is committed for trial.

MONDAY, May 21, about half past two in the afternoon, the *Aurora* and *Westmorland*, two four-oared boats, started from Westminster-bridge, to row through Kew-bridge, a distance of eleven miles and a half, against tide, for a wager of twenty guineas. The *Westmorland* won.

LATELY W. Dann, gamekeeper to the Rev. R. Rideout, of Court Lodge, in Sussex, killed, in a wood in the parish of Mountfield, a couple of young woodcocks, nearly as large as the old ones.

A PARTY of Military Gentlemen, among whom were General Lennox, and many of the Officers of the Sussex Militia, took an aquatic excursion, a few days ago, from Brighton to the harbour's entrance of New Shoreham, where, for several hours they amused themselves in firing with single balls, from rifle pieces, at the various water birds as they casually appeared. General Lennox, at a supposed distance of about two hundred yards, passed a ball through and killed a puffin, as it was swimming on the water; and Lieutenant Otto winged and brought down a sea-gull, at an immense height in the air, as it was crossing the boat. Many other shots were discharged by these *sharp-shooters* with all possible correctness and effect.

AMONG the portraits which have been rejected by the Academicians, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy this year, is the portrait of a pointer, the property of J. G. Shaddick, Esq. The position of the bitch is strikingly good, and the animated spirit, which is happily delineated in her eyes, will afford a lively sensation in the mind of a true sportsman. The portrait is executed by Mr. Marshall, whose paintings are too well known, and admired in the sporting world, for us to make a comment on his talents.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ELEGY.

A YOUTH RETURNED FROM THE MOUNTAINS.

TIME—*Evening*.

FAR in the wilds of the North,
A chief of the hills was my host;
Bipatriot Tweed, and the Forth,
With ardour extreme had I cross'd.

At last, cried I—Blest is my lot!
For soon I shall reach the fam'd place—
I blush'd—where a very bad shot,
Ere sun-set, may shoot fifty brace.

Or Hampstead, or Highgate, arose,
When I pictur'd in fancy their hills;
And Hounslow to me could disclose
Their moors, *minus* Gunpowder Mills.

At marks, just to bring in my hand,
I kept up a peppering dire,
Till that day when the law gives command—
"Ye three-giunea gentlemen—Fire."

Now see me from London equipp'd,
The mountains of Scotland to scale;
Double gun, patent breech, dogs well whipp'd;
—I travell'd 'em down in the Mail—

From Bond-street a jacket so trim,
Silk stockings, Nankeen pantaloons,
A green hat, with scarce any brim;
Ammunition for fifty platoons;
And game-bags capacious 'fore George!
How I long'd to kill, wound, or wing!
Grouse soup and *grouse pies* how we'd gorge!
For eating is not a bad thing.

A short freckled-fac'd mountaineer
Attended to carry the spoil,
In bonnet and petticoat queer,
More able than willing for toil.

"A point, Sir!" exclaim'd my wild man.
What a pit-a-pat beat at my heart;
Quite breathless, and stumbling, I ran:
"Cock, cock," springs the grouse, and I start:

For keenness puts one in a flurry,
And spoils, I protest it, all fun;
For in a most damnable hurry,
I pull'd ere I got up my gun.

Then shot after shot flew in vain;
I blam'd, and I basted each dog,
And, vaulting with labour and pain,
At last I stuck fast in a bog!

Adieu to my thin dancing shoes!
Adieu, my unsullied Nankeen!
Hawl'd out without ever a bruise,
Unseemly I was to be seen.

Chagrin'd I hie home to the house,
Forgot my mishap in rare cheer,
The savoury *lean* of the grouse,
And the delicate *fat* of red deer.

BRIMBER CRACK.

ELEGY.

LUCKLESS INTRIGUE.

TIME—*Night.*

'TWAS night—for 'twas near twelve
o'clock—
I slipp'd to the Doctor's back-door,
Gave the signal—a soft double knock,
That many had given before.

For Madam had tipp'd me a leer,
When hard by her window I stood:
I whisper'd things soft in her ear,
And found she was—just flesh and
blood.

While good Esculapius rang'd
The country in quest of a fee,
His longing rib gladly exchang'd
The Doctor for striplings like me.

I knock'd, and I shook in the air:
A tender voice whisper'd—"Come in."
I made my way up the dark stair,
With many a knock on my shin.

All ears, how I listen'd to hear;
All eyes, how I long'd for a light:
But not a breath gladden'd my ear,
And all remain'd dark as the night.

I grop'd till I touch'd a door catch,
And lifted it—ill-fated elf—
"Who comes!" cried a voice—"Call
the watch!—
Stop thief!"—'Twas the Doctor him-
self!!!

I fled at the terrible howl,
A howl to astonish the bold!
Against the top railing ran foul,
And down the steps, headlong, I roll'd.

Discomfitted, cover'd with shame,
I cross'd the curs'd threshold, half
dead,
When a vessel, too shocking to name,
Came, crashing, and delug'd my head.

O, Acis! not greater the shock,
When fierce Polyphemus, in ire,
Snatch'd up a huge fragment of rock,
And crush'd Galatæa's fond squire.

No metamorphosean art
To a river turn'd me and my tears;
And I thank my kind stars from my
heart,
That the Doctor has left me my
ears.

BRIMBER CRACK.

ELEGY.

A WARM MAN FISHING.

TIME—*Noon.*

THE river runs muddy to-day;
The hooks are all baited with
lobs:
We'll take the fish home in the chai'—
But mark yonder float, sure it bobs!

A fish is most certainly *took*,
I'll draw it with speed to the shore;
And when I have baited the hook,
I'll cast it, and wait for one more.

O, death to my hopes!—'tis a weed!
Ah! why did they plant their weeds
there?
It is most provoking, indeed!—
But hope is a balm for all care.

I hold till my tir'd elbows ache;
I gaze till my eye-sight swims round—
Some short relaxation to take,
I *sticks* my rod into the ground.

While I ponder on credit and cash,
And the joys of next settling day,
The rod tumbles in with a splash!
And sails on the current away!

Distracted I stand on the brink,
To the puntman I bawl out my woe—
O, rescue my rod ere it sink!
Why move so confoundedly slow!

My fond interrogative wish
I breathe to each watery god:
My *new rod has caught a fine fish,*
But, ah! who will *catch my new rod!*

BRIMBER CRACK.

POP IN AND SIT DOWN WITH AUNT GRIZZLE.

RETURN'D from the pleasures and toil of the chase,
And wishing to wet my dry whistle,
To yon thatch-cover'd cottage I hasten my pace,
Pop in and sit down with Aunt Grizzle.

Aunt Grizzle, who once was the pride of the plain,
As plump as a partridge or plover,
Wears the nose of a snipe, with the form of a crane,
Yet once was the chase of each lover.

Aunt Grizzle runs well, she's distanc'd youth's day,
Come in at the death of each lover;
Yet, smiling, she keeps the grim monarch at bay,
And lives in her cottage in clover.

When Sol, to be funny, peeps over the hills,
Lights Aunt Grizzle cutting her corns, Sir;
Or laughs at the lovers who sigh with the rills,
Or smiles at the sign of the Horns, Sir.

Oh! that is the time, should the chase lead that way,
And you're wishing to wet your dry whistle,
Seek the thatch-cover'd cot at the dawn of young day,
Pop in and sit down with Aunt Grizzle.

Kingsland, May 11. J. M.

FILLPOT'S ORATION;

OR,

POOR JACK.

FRIEND Fillpot thus was heard to say—
Who drank a pail-full every day—
Come, come my lads, fill up the bowl;
Oh! how I love a thirsty soul.
Thrice hail! thou ancient custom, drinking,
That keeps the heavy heart from sinking;
That sets all serious thoughts a packing,
And keeps the moisten'd skin from cracking.
When sober—things go wrong in spite:
Get groggy—ev'ry thing goes right.
Poor Jack heard this: he thought it clever,
Sat down and drank—enough for ever.

Kingsland, May 11. J. M.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken at the last Performance of the PIC NIC.

THANK Heav'n, they're past, those rude and barbarous times,
Whose laws were murder, and whose justice, crimes;
When jealous husbands, in their angry mood,
For Spanish wrongs repaid themselves with blood,
And the poor wives no gentler means could try,
To prove themselves worth living—than to die.
Oh! had our story chanc'd in times like these,
Good-natur'd age of gentleness and ease,
When injur'd man, by worldly sense controul'd,
Relies for vengeance, not on steel, but gold,
And rul'd by gentle thoughts, the fair distress'd
Takes not a sword, but lover to her breast,
Alonzo then had calm'd his jealous fury,
At the mild dictates of a special jury;
Carlos, poor man, had sav'd his precious blood,
And perjur'd Zanga in the pill'ry stood:
Now had I then thus humbly come to pray
Your fav'ring judgment of the play'rs and play—
The play!—aye, there I heard some critic voice,
"Heavens! what a bore! and, bless me, what a choice!

Such

Such moping trash was once admir'd, 'tis true,
But now-a-days the thing would never do;
With us a better, happier taste prevails,
The German drama:—and for fairy tales,
The Stranger, Blue Beard, Poucet and his brothers,
Prince Short-Boots, Caravans, and twenty others:
This we confess; but limits not allowing
To introduce two dromedaries bowing;
Or glitt'ring temples fill'd with solemn throngs
Of solar vestals singing merry songs;
The Driver's Dog, or Cinderella's train,
And all the glorious pomp of Drury-lane,
Were forc'd, with humble sense, to court applause,
Instead of spaniels, she bears, and bashaws.

Oh do not then still cruelly refuse
Your pity to our antiquated Muse;
And let me hope at least, though female arts
Can't sway your reason, they may melt your hearts.
If you're displeas'd, your dire intention change,
And back on us retort not the Revenge.

THE CHASE.

UP! up! my brave boys; to the chase! to the chase!
Throw your sloth and your languor away:
See the health-breathing morning breaks on us apace,
And foretels the delights of the day.

Come! mount your gay coursers, and tarry no more;
Unkennel the mellow-ton'd hounds.
Now freed from restraint, their melodious roar,
The gratified welkin resounds.

What music can equal the pack in full cry,
While on air borne the hoarse bugle floats?
While the deep-winding sound all the echoes reply,
And again swell the ravishing notes.

Hark! hark! now they open, now thunder along;
Now distance dull care and his train;
Now descending, now climbing the la-b'ring throng;
Now skim like the roebuck the plain.

In vain the deep torrent opposes our course,
And death lurks in ev'ry wave:
What danger can stop the bold high-mettled horse?
What danger won't Englishmen brave?

Let mistaken philanthropists envy and blame,
And call hunting a barbarous sport;
Let Fleury, and Thomson, and B——y, declaim;
What true Briton won't hunting support?

What amusement than hunting more transports can yield?
Than the sportsmen, who happier live?
What pleasures can equal the joys of the field:
What than exercise purer health give?

Tallyho! then away; tallyho! to the chase;
Pursue this so charming great pleasure;
And remember—nor flag in the glorious race—
Not the fox your's alone, but a treasure:

Long life and content, you'll with cheerfulness find,
While you draw as a mortal your breath;
Past pleasures will soothe, in affliction, your mind,
And soften the pillow of death.

A. C. B.